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THE UNITED STATES DISPATCH-BOAT "DOLPHIN."—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 331.]

FRAUD.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The current number, issued May 19, opens with a picture entitled

"UNAPPRECIATED ATTENTIONS,"

by the well-known animal painter J. C. BEARD. *It represents a reluctant cat having its ablutions performed for it by a mischievous monkey.*

In "How Johnny Rocked the Baby," MR. ERNEST INGERSOLL, *a frequent contributor to this and other periodicals, has succeeded in combining a story and an experiment in practical mechanics. The article is illustrated. It will be concluded in the next number.*

A full-page illustration, entitled

"MILITARY MANŒUVRES OF SCHOOL-BOY SOLDIERS,"

shows some incidents in a prize drill competition lately held by a well-known military school in New York. It is accompanied by a descriptive article.

Another striking illustration is "His First Pair of Breeches," from the painting by TISSOT.

There is the usual amount of fiction, including one of HOWARD PYLE'S *fairy tales, entitled "The Skillful Huntsman," illustrated by the author.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1885.

PARTY AND REFORM.

THE vote in the New York Assembly upon the amendment to the civil service bill exempting soldiers and sailors of the late war from examination shows definitely that neither party as such can justly claim to be the party of reform. The Republicans have a decided majority in the Assembly, and are in general responsible for the legislation of the session. The amendment was introduced by a Democrat. It was supported by no one more ardently than by General BARNUM, a Republican from the city of New York, and it was adopted by a vote of 84 to 24. There were 44 Democrats and 40 Republicans in the affirmative, and 20 Republicans and 4 Democrats in the negative. The Republicans, of course, had reform been a party principle, would have summarily defeated the bill. When opposition to the extension of slavery was the sincere purpose of the Republican party, no bill and no amendment favoring an increase of the power of slavery, or substantially repealing any restraint upon it, could possibly have passed any legislative body which Republicans controlled. The decisive vote in the New York Assembly is the more surprising because it occurs at the very time that the Democratic Bourbons are violently assailing the Democratic President for fidelity to the principle of reform, and when the only censure of the Administration in the Republican press is based upon the instances of its failure to observe that principle.

There were a great many earnest Republican friends of reform who sustained the Republican Presidential nomination last year, not because they did not deplore it and regret the necessity of sustaining it, but because they believed that the Republican party was the sole hope of reform. Why a party which was sincerely bent upon reform should have failed to nominate a candidate who in some way represented it, they did not explain. But they were satisfied that the election of a Democratic candidate especially pledged to reform would be its death-blow, and undoubtedly some such Republicans were among those who voted for General BARNUM as a Republican, and therefore, according to their view, a friend of reform. Such Republicans are now undeceived. They have had the conclusive proof that civil service reform in New York is not a party measure. A man may be a perfectly good Republican and vote against reform. Indeed, the fact is that the reform bill was passed by a Democratic Legislature and approved and enforced by a Democratic Governor, and it was overwhelmingly repealed by a Republican Assembly. We say repealed, because the amendment provides for a practical evasion of the law in every instance, and the vote in the Assembly shows the party hostility to the law.

This vote utterly destroys the point of partisan Republican sneers at Democratic devotion to the spoils. If the amendment showed a tender regard for Union soldiers, it was introduced by a Democrat. If it practically restored the spoils system, it was supported by Republicans. It is precisely the kind of action upon the subject that Messrs. HIGGINS, PILLSBURY, TROUP, and CHASE and the Democratic Bourbon host would applaud, because it virtually overthrows the reform law, and it is supported by Republicans in the Assembly by a vote of two to one. We do not deny, of course, that there is a very strong and resolute demand for this reform among Republicans—a demand much more general in proportion than among Democrats—and the amendment was warmly opposed by the reform Republicans in the Assembly. But it can not longer be called a distinctive Republican measure. Certainly the management of the late national campaign did not show that it is so, and the speeches of Republican leaders since the election—those, for instance, of Senator EVARTS in New York and Boston, and the remarks of Senators SHERMAN and DAWES—do not recognize it as a most prominent and important question. We are not saying that it is a Democratic measure, for that party is now angrily rent upon it. As we have always contended, it is not a partisan measure at all. Republican and Democratic managers and "bosses" and "working politicians" are inimical to it. No Republican or Democrat, in the face of the facts, need allege that he sticks to his party as a reform party, and it follows, of course, that he would gain nothing for reform merely by joining the other party. The voter who regards the reform as of paramount importance, if he be a Republican, will certainly not vote next November for Republicans like General BARNUM as legislators, nor will Democrats of a like mind vote for Democrats like Mr. EARL. If the voter wishes to see the reform law honestly observed, and not totally annulled by plausible evasion, he will support no candidate for the Legislature who is not openly and honestly and intelligently favorable to reform. Meanwhile we are glad to say that the strong protest of soldiers and sailors and other good citizens against the amendment which was so strongly favored in the Assembly caused its practical defeat in the Senate.

THE LATE LEGISLATURE OF NEW YORK.

THE Legislature of New York has adjourned after a session in which the Republicans had the large majority and the responsibility. The one act of legislation in which the readers of this paper out of the State may be supposed to be most interested is the passage of the Niagara Reservation Bill, which saves the great cataract from destruction as a sublime natural spectacle, and opens its enjoyment freely to all citizens of the United States. Beyond this the chief interest in this Legislature to those who are not New-Yorkers is the probable influence of its general character and conduct upon the political situation. It was a Republican Legislature in the State whose vote had determined the Presidential election, and in which there was a serious division of the party. That division was due in general to a conviction that the party was unfaithful to its own principles. Has the course of the Legislature tended to heal the dissatisfaction and to recall the seceding vote of last year? In other words, has it shown, not that the Republican party is no worse than the Democratic party, but that it is plainly the party of progress and reform?

It was the opinion of HORACE GREELEY, as set forth in the *Tribune* in 1854, that "a thorough dispersion of parties, with an obliteration and disuse of all their machinery, watch-words, and discipline, as often as once in twelve years, if not at the end of each Presidential contest, would be a public blessing." That is an extreme view. But it is obvious that whenever, from any reason, the process of dispersion begins, it can not be arrested by a more rigorous adhesion to the courses that produce it. The fatal unwisdom of the Republican Presidential nomination lay in the fact that it was the triumph of the tendencies which had produced serious party discontent, and the more plainly it was proved that it was a free and spontaneous expression of the party, the greater were the doubt and distrust. The political service of the late Legislature to the Republican party lies in the degree in which it has identified that party with the objects which honest citizens desire. The Legislature defeated the bill requiring the Sheriff of Kings County to keep his large and important accounts in an orderly and intelligent manner. It made no settlement of the urgent question of prison labor. The Senate passed the Freedom of Worship Bill, which authorizes a sectarian form of worship in public institutions. The Assembly, as we point out at length elsewhere, by an overwhelming vote struck a fatal blow at civil service reform. These are among the most significant and important measures of the session. The blow in the Senate at non-sectarianism was practically baffled in the Assembly, and that in the Assembly at reform was practically annulled in the Senate, but for both the Republican majority was responsible.

The Legislature elected Mr. EVARTS to the Senate. This, as we said at the time, was good politics, because it was the selection of the most eminent Republican in the State, and a man of Senatorial character and ability. His election, however, was imposed upon the Legislature by expressions of Republican feeling throughout the State, and this was the best Republican sign of the winter, because the feeling undoubtedly sprang from the conviction that he was independent of machines, and a reform Republican. A fair survey of the course of the Legislature hardly authorizes the belief that it has brightened the Republican prospect of recovering the State at the election in the autumn, and it makes the action of the Convention still more important. A Convention whose action, *mutatis mutandis*, should be of the same general character with that of the Legislature would open a very listless campaign.

THE ATTACK UPON MR. GLADSTONE.

THE English Tories can not cope with the English Liberals in debate. At the opening of the late attack upon the Government Lord HAMILTON made a violent personal charge upon Mr. GLADSTONE, but the replies of Mr. GLADSTONE and of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN were so trenchant that in closing the debate for the Tories Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL found himself upon the defensive, and the Government was handsomely sustained. The assault of the Tories was so headlong that it left them in the position of a war party before the facts were known, and exposed them to Mr. GLADSTONE'S taunt that they made up for their want of knowledge by a multitude of baseless suppositions. The Tories were the more heedless in their assault, as he showed, because he had stated that an arrangement had been reached acceptable to England, Russia, the Ameer of Afghanistan, and Lord DUFFERIN. To assume that this was a craven surrender was to assume that the Ameer and Lord DUFFERIN were cowardly; and Mr. GLADSTONE'S final shot was most telling, that the Tories became a war party just when the blessed prospect of honorable peace appeared to avert a war which would have been a calamity to England, Russia, and the world.

The significance of the Government's majority upon the practical vote of censure was greater because it followed the announcement that the Soudan expedition is abandoned, and that the troops will be withdrawn to the Second Cataract, at Wady Halfa. This is unquestionably an inglorious end to an unwise enterprise, and the ascendency of the Prime Minister is strikingly shown by his majority, the Parnellites voting against him. The Soudan expedition has cost Lord WOLSELEY his prestige, and sheds no honor upon the English name or arms. It has added another illustrious name to the list of English heroes, and the death of GORDON will be always a shadow upon the GLADSTONE Administration, although that Administration can not be justly held responsible for it, since it is now plain that had General STEWART not been wounded, GORDON would have been relieved.

Party spirit in England is very furious, and Mr. GLADSTONE is assailed with a bitterness which our political contentions do not surpass, and which, we may observe parenthetically, shows that a reformed and non-partisan civil service does not necessarily destroy parties. But amid all the controversy it is evident that the Prime Minister is by far the ablest political leader in the country. This conviction is so strong and universal that, despite the hostility to him, his continuance at the head of affairs is thought to be desirable. It is even conceded by some of his opponents, with the remark that he led the country into the scrape, and he ought to be left to lead it out again. Indeed, it is clear that only a statesman of Mr. GLADSTONE'S quality could have withstood the tremendous pressure for war, and in the face of the Egyptian failure have carried without a division the credit that he asked. As we write, the series of assaults upon his Government in Parliament continues. Some one of them may succeed, and his Government fall. But a change of Ministry at this juncture, the disappearance of Mr. GLADSTONE from control, the accession of the Tories, the rise of the Jingo spirit, and a war with Russia under Tory management, would be a severer strain than the British Empire has encountered since the wars of Napoleon.

AT THE TREASURY.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has made the appointments which have been most unfavorably criticised as most inconsistent with the principles stated by the President as those which should govern his administration. The objection to the appointments is not that the new incumbents are Democrats, but, assuming that a change was desirable, that they were Democrats distinguished only for the very qualities which showed that change was not reform, but the reverse. To turn out a Republican politician and replace him with an efficient Democratic business man may be reform, but to replace him by a Democratic politician of a poor type is certainly not reform.

Yet it is a fact worthy of remark that the three chief appointments in the Treasury have been of the best character from the point of view of reform. The selections of Mr. FAIRCHILD as Assistant Secretary, of Mr. JORDAN as Treasurer, and of Mr. GRAVES as head of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, the largest "patronage" place in the department, are in every way unexceptionable. Mr. FAIRCHILD has the strongest faith in the reformed system, and

has been officially familiar with it; Mr. JORDAN announced at once that no arbitrary partisan changes would be made in the office force; and Mr. GRAVES is one of the earliest and most faithful friends of reform, and thoroughly conversant with all its methods and details.

Mr. FAIRCHILD, as Attorney-General of New York, acquired a most valuable official experience, Mr. JORDAN has been long officially connected with financial institutions, and Mr. GRAVES has been steadily promoted in the Treasury by reason of singular official ability. His report to Secretary SHERMAN of the condition of the Bureau of Engraving and of the reforms that ought to be made in it was a striking picture of the abuses of administration that civil service reform would correct. Mr. GRAVES is a Republican who understands that party politics have no rightful place in a business office, and as a public officer he has diligently served the public, not a party, except as exclusive and efficient attention to official duty may serve it. The Administration and the country are to be congratulated upon such appointments.

AN UNDAUNTED NEWSPAPER.

ON the 16th of April the offices of the Buffalo *Express* were entirely destroyed by fire. The other journals promptly and generously offered all their facilities, and with characteristic energy the proprietors of the *Express* and of its engraving and printing office pushed on, published the paper, established themselves where they could, and without other interruption than the necessary and immense inconvenience, have continued the business, and on the 1st of May announced that their space and facilities would soon be greater than ever.

It is a striking illustration of business courage and resource, and the expressions of sympathy from the press everywhere and the proffers of aid which the *Express* has received attest the high regard in which the paper is held. Such a calamity is undoubtedly too large a price to pay even for such pleasant knowledge, but the knowledge is a great consolation and encouragement to the *Express* and its proprietors, and it is a significant tribute to the intrepid and admirable newspaper, whose vigor and independence are well known.

During the campaign of last year the *Express* supported Mr. BLAINE, from a deep distrust of the Democratic party, but no journal has been a more stanch and persistent advocate of political progress or a more fearless critic of public offenders. A serious blow to such a journal would have been a public misfortune, and its continued prosperity will be a public benefit.

THE MAYOR'S APPOINTMENTS.

THE sole power of appointment to high city offices intrusted to the Mayor by the charter amendments of last year has just been exercised by Mayor GRACE, and in a manner which shows the good fortune for the city of a Mayor elected, not as a partisan, but as an honest and efficient administrator. In the list of ten appointments there are some names known only as those of "politicians" in the usual sense of the word. But the gentlemen are generally of the kind that good citizens expected.

Mr. WILLIAM M. IVINS is made City Chamberlain, Mr. MICHAEL COLEMAN Commissioner of Taxes and Assessments, Dr. CHARLES E. SIMMONS Commissioner of Charities and Correction, and Mr. BORDEN, an admirable appointment, Park Commissioner. These are all universally admitted to be excellent selections. It was hoped that Mr. ASTEN would be retained as Commissioner of Taxes, and his retention was strongly urged upon the Mayor. But he preferred another person, to whom no objection is made, and whose fitness is conceded.

This is a much better proceeding than dickering and bargaining with a Board of Aldermen, and securing only such public agents as they might choose. The Mayor now bears, as he ought to bear, the undivided responsibility.

THE MINISTER TO RUSSIA.

ONE of the most excellent appointments that the Administration has made is that of Mr. LOTHROP, of Detroit, to be Minister to Russia. He is a man of the highest character and of acknowledged ability; a master in his profession of the law; accomplished in various studies; of a lofty, generous, and patriotic view of public life and duty; of dignified presence and address; and one of the stanchest of Union patriots during the war.

Mr. LOTHROP is a Democrat, and Michigan is a Republican State, or he would have been long ago in the Senate. He is a Democrat of good standing in his party, but wholly independent of bosses and machines, and in this resembles his classmate and life-long friend ex-Chief Justice BRADLEY, of Rhode Island, both of whom command the hearty regard and respect of their political opponents.

The Administration must have seen from the manner in which the appointment of Mr. LOTHROP has been received, as the late Administration learned from its appointment of Mr. Justice GRAY, that the selection of such men is an incalculably greater benefit to a party than the appointment of twenty mere politicians, or an appointment meant to propitiate any class or faction of voters, because it raises the public estimate of the party, and dispels the doubt of that very body of voters which no Administration can wisely alienate.

A HIDDEN LIFE.

THE Springfield *Republican* spoke some time ago of the many unnoted charities in and around the city of New York which are sustained by the untiring liberality and devotion of women who belong to a social sphere which is often supposed to be altogether reckless, ostentatious, frivolous, and inhuman, because it is composed of the rich, and because there are many rich idlers of both sexes.

But it is in that social sphere that much of the wisest and most helpful charitable work is done, and the late Mrs. JACOB LE ROY was an admirable illustration of the excellent women who are most earnest and efficient in doing it. Mrs. LE ROY had been for many years the First Directress of the Home for the Destitute Children of Seamen, upon Staten Island, and her sound judgment, her great intelligence, her unaffected goodness, and unintermitted devotion to its interests were of inestimable service.

It is a work wholly without the range of public observation, but a work of the truest humanity, and it is only one of the many good enterprises which are nurtured and directed by the private care of excellent women. They would be pained did they suspect that their names would be made known and their beneficence celebrated. But to mention one whose faithful and beautiful life is ended, and who can be no more reached by human praise or blame, is to renew our gratitude to those who are like her, and who still live to continue that tender care of the least of the little ones which was a crowning grace of the life of Mrs. LE ROY.

THE VINDICATION OF COMMANDER KANE.

THE investigation of the charges against Commander KANE for misconduct during the disturbances at Aspinwall was recently made by a Court of Inquiry ordered by Admiral JOUETT. The finding of the court vindicates Commander KANE completely. It has been received at the Navy Department, and it states the facts as follows:

"The American flag was insulted, as alleged, by the seizure of the steam-ship *Colon*, and the forcible arrest and imprisonment of a number of American citizens, including an officer of the United States Navy in uniform and Mr. ROBERT K. WRIGHT, Jun., United States Consul at Aspinwall, which, however, we find to have been done on the 30th day of March, under forces which, in our opinion, were not revolutionary, but were part of an armed mob, acting under the orders of one PEDRO PRESTAN, who was denounced by both the existing political parties of the state of Panama as a robber and an assassin, and who called himself a revolutionist to cover his base designs.

"The conduct of Commander KANE was, in our opinion (based upon the concordant testimony of all the witnesses who have been before the court, as well as of those who have testified by deposition), eminently proper. He acted with judgment, with discretion, with firmness, and in accordance with his orders. Had Commander KANE acted otherwise than as he did, there is no doubt that the lives of the American citizens imprisoned by PRESTAN would have been sacrificed, with no benefit to Americans or to other foreigners, either in the saving of life or property. The burning of Aspinwall would have followed the murder of PRESTAN'S prisoners, and in all probability other American citizens would have been made the victims of PRESTAN'S malignant fury."

Throughout this affair upon the Isthmus the Secretary of the Navy seems to have acted with promptness, vigor, and discretion. There has been admirable efficiency, but no swaggering, and the whole conduct of the transaction justifies the President's selection for a post so important.

"THE NEW SOUTH."

MR. CARL SCHURZ'S pamphlet upon *The New South* could not have been more timely in its appearance, nor could a more competent and trustworthy observer have undertaken to report upon the condition of the Southern States. The change of party control of the administration has revived—most unwisely, but, from a party point of view, not unnaturally—the party cries and appeals to party feeling of fifteen and twenty years ago. A stranger in the country might suppose from the tone and statements of the more unscrupulous party journals that the voters of the Union, including a large number of original antislavery Republicans, had petulantly intrusted the government to its enemies, who proposed to revenge their defeat in the field by disturbing all the settlements of reconstruction, and restoring, so far as possible, the situation of thirty years ago. This kind of feeling was carefully fostered during the late campaign by men who certainly ought to have known better, but who did not hesitate to give up to their party what was meant for their country.

The statements in such papers as we speak of in regard to the situation in the Southern States can not be trusted, because they are designed to produce a party effect. But the candor of Mr. SCHURZ, which is not denied, the judicial fairness of his mind, and the shrewdness of his observation, especially qualify him as a witness, and his testimony is very encouraging. He attributes the difficult situation of recent years in the Southern States to two chief causes—the utter overthrow of the industrial and social system with the absolute material exhaustion due to the waste of war, and the unhappy conduct of ANDREW JOHNSON at the very time when the wisest and most generous statesmanship was indispensable. This combination of untoward circumstances renewed old jealousies and enmities between the late Union and Confederate sides which the humane and moderating genius of LINCOLN would have assuaged and removed. But time has essentially modified the situation.

There is entire and cordial attachment to the Union in the Southern States, satisfaction with the disappearance of slavery, a very positive amelioration of feeling in regard to State sovereignty, a healthful revival of trade, a greater general disposition to industry, and an easier and much more hopeful relation of the two races. There is no common sectional object and interest more than in any other part of the country, and the complete failure of the evil prognostics of the consequences of Democratic success at the late election has dispelled the fear upon the part of the colored citizens that slavery might be restored. This is a condition in which evils that still remain can be most hopefully treated; and if intelligent and honest and patriotic citizens in other parts of the country will refuse to allow themselves to be swept away by party cries of "rebel brigadiers," and "the gray above the blue," and "Copperhead supremacy," and "Rebels back again," and remember that the mad passion of party is not patriotism, and that a real union of feeling is impossible if citizens of the Southern States, however loyal and sincere, are to be always hereafter stigmatized as enemies of the country because of the civil war, we shall acknowledge the situation that actually exists, and parties will once more represent real issues and not the furious animosities of a state of things which has passed away. Every American who desires that result may wisely read Mr. SCHURZ'S very brief and suggestive pamphlet, and Decoration-day orators may ponder its statements with great benefit to their eloquent addresses.

PERSONAL.

THE National Academy of Design has elected four new members—Messrs. F. D. MILLET, F. S. CHURCH, G. W. MAYNARD, and J. C. NICOLL; and five new associate members—Messrs. F. C. JONES, J. F. MURPHY, W. H. LIPPINCOTT, J. ALDEN WEIR, and J. H. WITT. In no previous year did that sometimes weak body receive so abundant a transfusion of good blood, and at least two-thirds of these nine painters belong to the Society of American Artists. The event is in all respects the most notable in the recent annals of the Academy.

—There is a Virginia gentleman in this city who when a boy was playing—as then was and still is the custom—with some of the colored lads on his father's estate. One of them threw a brick at him, leaving a mark that still decorates his forehead. Every Christmas he sends his assailant a present, and receives from him one in return. Last year he got the colored man's favorite gift, a bandana handkerchief.

—During the late civil war Secretary GIDEON WELLES ordered that the sailors of the squadron off Port Royal should be deprived of their morning grog. The brave tars proceeded to make the decks of some of the frigates resound with these pathetic lines:

> "Jack loves his gill—
> I know he hadn't orter—
> But at seven bells
> He'll curse the Welles
> That give him naught but water."

—A delegation of the Hon. S. S. COX'S constituents recently visited the President to ask him to let that statesman continue to represent them in Congress instead of sending him to Turkey. Mr. CLEVELAND interrupted their spokesman by observing: "It won't do. I mean to have the lion's share of the good things for the Administration, and the more resolutions you pass calling Mr. Cox a good man, the more I shall hold on to him."

—A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, in an interesting letter on American voices, says: "How superficial are our college schemes of education is evident from the fact that in none of them is any effort made to rid the student of that wretched nasal head voice which has been named American, and even has come to be thought American." He does injustice to Princeton College at least, whose Professor of Oratory, Mr. GEORGE L. RAYMOND, has demonstrated year after year how easily and effectively the voices of young men may be developed by a scientific method. Neither nasal head tone nor conventional "sing-song" is now heard on the Commencement stage, although each was abundant there a few years ago.

—An Indiana farmer who had brought to this city five Jersey cows made an innovation upon the usual practice at auction sales by calling for a pail, and declaring aloud before the assembled purchasers his intention of milking the animals to show of what grade they were. As the bids kept coming he kept milking, and soon got from one of the cows two pails full. The novelty did not please the other owners whose stock was to be offered, but in the estimation of experts it caused the farmer to obtain at least a hundred dollars more for each cow than he otherwise would—the average price being $400 a head—and to be the centre of attraction.

—Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD has been making some interesting estimates of the amount of time and labor lost by the useless redundancy of legal verbiage, and ex-Judge S. W. FULLERTON, who agrees with him on the subject, declares—what is news to many laymen—that any lawyer has a right to construct the simplest forms possible for legal instruments, their present tautologies and periphrases being simply worthless relics of a by-gone age.

—An eminent and aged divine accosted a young preacher as follows: "My dear friend, I have long noticed that clergymen deal much in compliments when privately addressing their parishioners. Don't do so; it lowers their estimate of you, and is bad for them. Adults may like molasses, but they prefer to feed themselves."

—M. RENAN, says the London *World*, is short, obese, and shapeless, with a nose of vast proportions, and a general aspect of an old monk addicted to all the pleasures of the table. In spite of his unpleasing exterior, no man has greater suavity of manner than he, or a more insinuating smile, and no French writer has ever carried to a higher degree charm of form, beauty of imagery, and melody of style.

—The managers of the late readings by authors of their own works at the Madison Square Theatre have been figuring out the profits of the two entertainments. It is $1700 net—a handsome sum. The theatre was lent free by Mr. A. M. PALMER. It is not improbable that similar entertainments will be given next winter.

—An impressive event was the celebration of the anniversary of GAMBETTA'S death by 8000 Frenchmen, in the quiet suburb of Paris where he breathed his last. The principal orator of the occasion, M. PAUL BERT, excited the wildest enthusiasm by declaring that France would never be satisfied until she had got back Alsace and Lorraine.

—Mr. CHARLES A. DANA relates the following reminiscence of ANDREW JOHNSON, whom he met in a hotel in Richmond, immediately after the Union troops had entered the city. On shaking hands, Mr. JOHNSON began to express his views concerning the necessity of severe punishment for the chiefs of the Confederacy. To which Mr. DANA replied: "Why urge these opinions upon me? Mr. LINCOLN will be here this morning or to-morrow, and he has the decision of the question." "I know that," rejoined Mr. JOHNSON, "but the subject is of such moment, and it is so necessary that an example should be made, that I wish to argue the question with every gentleman I meet."

—Monsignor CAPEL: "There are some magnificent libraries in your city. I knew not what the Astor Library was when I began to write; but I now feel that every citizen of New York has a right to be proud of a library of that kind. In several of your clubs there are excellent libraries. In the library of the Union League Club there is everything that a man loving books may want to find."

—The victory of THOMAS PETTIT, of Boston, the American court tennis player, over LAMBERT, the English champion, is the more striking because the interest in this variety of the game in England is of older date than in this country, and tennis courts are much more numerous.

—One of President CLEVELAND'S latest callers is the famous RED CLOUD, who came on an office errand. He wants Agent MCGILLICUDDY removed from the Pine Ridge Agency, and he politely intimated that if the regularly constituted authorities did not remove him, he would attend to the matter himself with his usual dispatch. RED CLOUD appeared in an ordinary suit of "store clothes."

—FRANCIS J. FARGUS, known to all readers of current fiction by his pseudonym of "Hugh Conway," died at Monaco, May 15, of typhoid fever. Mr. FARGUS was an auctioneer in Bristol when his first story, *Called Back*, appeared. Its sale was enormous, and it was scarcely less successful in the form of a drama on both the English and the American stages. *Dark Days*, a second story, was not less successful, the sale amounting to 160,000 in the first fortnight. In his later work Mr. FARGUS, while preserving the sensational elements of his first successes, has taken much more pains with the literary quality of his work. The Christmas number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contained a short story from his pen, "A Dead Man's Face," and his latest completed work, "Carriston's Gift," is to appear, illustrated, in three numbers of HARPER'S BAZAR, beginning in the number published June 12.

OPENING OF THE BROOKLYN ELEVATED RAILWAY, MAY 13.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 327.]

EDWARD O. GRAVES, CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JORDAN, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 334.]

GEORGE V. N. LOTHROP, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO RUSSIA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 323.]

THE DEFEAT OF RIEL.

THE defeat of RIEL and his men at Batouche was so complete that it not only ended all organized resistance in the field to the Dominion troops, but was naturally followed by the capture of RIEL. This capture marks the final collapse of the insurrection as an organized movement.

The battle at Batouche was the fifth armed collision which has taken place since the outbreak of the rebellion, and the first in which the Dominion troops were victorious. The skirmishes which preceded it were not of much importance, but at least two of them illustrated the disadvantage at which civilized troops are placed when attacked by savage riflemen in the shelter of their forests.

Early in the rebellion a steamer attempted to carry supplies to General MIDDLETON by way of the South Saskatchewan. Taking a hint from our own civil war, the commander of the steamer endeavored to protect his men by bales of hay placed along the guards of the vessel, in the same way that GRANT'S steamers were protected when running the batteries of Vicksburg. The steamer was attacked while passing between high wooded banks by Indians and half-breeds. It was impossible for the mounted police, who constituted the fighting force on board the steamer, to dislodge the invisible foe. The bales of hay protected the men who were behind them, but the bullets struck the machinery, and glancing among the men and horses, evidently convinced the commander that to continue on his course, exposed to a constant fire from the pursuing rebels, would be unwise. He therefore retreated, though without the loss of a single man. It was the first naval fight that has ever occurred in the wild region through which the Saskatchewan flows, but it is evident that the steamer was no terror to the Indian riflemen. If the retreat of the steamer did not display any particular valor on the part of her commander, it does not follow that he did not take what was, in the circumstances, a wise and proper course. The affair at Batouche showed that there is no lack of courage among the Canadian volunteers, and the fact that nearly all who were killed were officers shows that Canadian, like British, officers are if anything too ready to expose themselves. Another incident of the insurrection is illustrated on page 336.

THE RIEL REBELLION—ATTACKING A CANADIAN SUPPLY STEAMER ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.—DRAWN BY W. C. FITLER FROM A SKETCH IN THE TORONTO "WAR NEWS."

ADRIAN VIDAL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. de Mersac," "Thirlby Hall," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE PROMOTION OF MR. LARKINS.

An author or an artist who has established himself firmly in the good graces of the public may, no doubt, produce rubbish from time to time with comparative impunity. His rubbish, unless it be of a very rubbishy order indeed, is likely enough to pass undetected; and even in the contrary case he may count upon being pardoned, as carelessness is pardoned in an old servant. But it is quite otherwise with him who has scored but a single hit. He stands as yet upon no pedestal, he is still upon his trial; and his first success tells rather against than for him, as fixing a standard which he is bound at least to reach, and is rather expected to surpass. Adrian Vidal knew this as well as anybody, and yet, after managing to make himself famous with *Two Lovers*, he sat down and wrote as ill-considered, long-winded, and pointless a story as ever came from the pen of a clever man. It was in a great measure the fault of the editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, who had offered high pay for a serial tale, to be commenced forthwith, and who, on learning that Mr. Vidal had no such tale ready, had declared that that need not stand in the way of an arrangement, provided that monthly installments could be forwarded to him as they were wanted. Good novels have been written upon this plan sometimes, but probably not very often. Adrian started without having the slightest idea of how he was going to end, never got a grasp of his characters, and having undertaken other work which interested him more, soon found this particular task a heavy burden, grievous to be borne. When he had written the last words, he was so relieved at getting the dreadful thing off his mind that he hardly realized how bad his performance had been, although he knew that it had been bad.

The consequence was that, as soon as he cast his three-volume novel among the critics, they sprang up and choked it. Nobody had a good word for it; and, judging by the eloquent silence of his friends, Adrian concluded that their opinion fully coincided with that of their appointed guides. One acquaintance, more outspoken than the rest, caught him by the arm, as he was walking through the Park one morning, and said, "My dear fellow, I've just been reading your book, and I'm sure you'll excuse my telling you that it's the stupidest book I ever read in all my life. How on earth came you to write such bosh?"

"You are very kind," answered Adrian. "You seem to imply that I can write something that is not bosh."

"Oh, that's of course. I read your other book—what was it called?—*Free Lovers*, or something—and thought it first-rate. I'll tell you what it is, old chap, you've been overdoing it—writing too much, you know. You take my advice, and go easy for a bit. You'll find you'll come up as fresh as paint next season."

"Very likely," said Adrian. But he added, under his breath, as he walked on, "Always supposing that I survive to see another season."

He was not a man who knew how to play a losing game, or to profit in any way by failure. Discouragement numbed his faculties and soured his temper; and it was not only the ill success of his novel that weighed upon his spirits just now. That, to be sure, was a serious matter enough, for he had arranged with his publishers for payment contingent upon the sale of the book, and there was now every reason to fear that he would get hardly a fourth of the sum upon which he had calculated; but what distressed him more than this was the unquestionable fact that he had ceased to be in request socially. Had the case been that of any other man than himself, he would have understood easily enough that the people who had wanted to know a small celebrity a year ago had now satisfied their curiosity, and wanted to know somebody else; but it was no more given to Adrian than it is to the generality of us to take an impartial survey of his own circumstances, and so he tormented himself with the notion that he was a sinking ship, and that the rats were leaving him.

That he was not quite in a sea-worthy condition must be admitted. He had spent a good deal more money of late than he had any business to spend; he had counted upon receipts which had not come up to his expectations, and when he had found himself becoming somewhat seriously involved, had grown indifferent to small extra expenses, after the time-honored fashion of those who exceed their incomes. Upon the whole, he had very good and sufficient reasons for feeling depressed, although loss of popularity was perhaps not the most legitimate of them. He thought it a little hard that there should be neither consolation nor sympathy for him at home. Of course both Clare and Georgina must have heard of his literary fiasco; but neither of them made the most distant reference to the subject, or betrayed any knowledge of his having published a new novel at all. It is true that if they had attempted to pity him, he would promptly have resented their pity; but he would have liked them to say that they were sorry, nevertheless. Every one who has been in trouble must be aware that to snub one's comforters is one of the most precious privileges of affliction. This privilege was denied to Adrian, and he could not quite understand it. He was always expecting Clare's icy reserve to melt. "She could not be so unrelenting if she had any real love for me," he thought, bitterly. And yet he might have known that if she had not loved him she would have been ready to make friends with him at once.

Once, and once only, she seemed to waver in her purpose. Entering the drawing-room softly, one evening before dinner, she found Adrian reclining in an arm-chair, his head supported by his left hand, while his right hung listlessly by his side. His back was turned toward her, and she stood for a moment watching him, and wondering what that attitude of exhaustion and dejection meant.

"Are you tired, Adrian?" she asked at length.

He started and looked up. "Tired? No—not more than usual, I think."

"You are not ill, are you?" pursued Clare, after pausing awhile.

Adrian rose and walked to the window. "Oh no; I'm not ill, that I know of," he answered, rather peevishly. "I don't feel in very rollicking spirits, that's all. Perhaps it would be rather odd if I did."

It was then that Clare was very nearly forgetting all her wrongs. She followed her husband to the window and said, gently, "May I know why you are out of spirits?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Adrian, with a short laugh. "I have discovered that I have made a big mistake in my life, and I am afraid the discovery comes rather too late to be of much use."

Clare froze again instantly. "I am afraid it does," she said, and left the room.

He was provoked with her for misunderstanding him so willfully. He had meant her to question him further. Had she done so he would have explained that he was referring to his career as a novelist; and then she might have tried to encourage him; and then, perhaps— But since she was pleased to assume him capable of alluding to his marriage as "a big mistake"—a thing which no gentleman would say to his wife—why, it was scarcely worth while to undeceive her. If that was the sort of opinion that she had of him, there would evidently be little use in attempting to interest her in his troubles. The latest addition to these had reached him half an hour before, in the shape of the following letter:

"Office of the '*Anglo-Saxon*,' *May*, 188–.

"Dear Sir,—You have, no doubt, heard already that Mr. Pilkington has resigned the editorship of this journal, finding that his other occupations are likely to prevent him from discharging the duties connected with it in a manner satisfactory to himself. Under the new management some changes will be introduced into the character and appearance of the paper, with a view to increasing its popularity; but we fully expect to retain our customary list of contributors; and I may say, both on my own behalf and on that of the proprietors, that we shall be glad to receive from you such articles as you have been in the habit of writing for Mr. Pilkington. As regards remuneration, the proprietors think that this has hitherto been calculated upon rather too extravagant a scale, and it is probable that a temporary diminution, at all events, will be decided upon; but I shall be able to give you more definite information as to this in a few days' time.

"Believe me, dear sir, faithfully yours,

"J. Larkins, Ed. *Anglo-Saxon*."

There was a good deal in this communication which was highly displeasing to Adrian. He had not been informed of Pilkington's retirement, and he thought that he ought to have been informed of it. He disliked Larkins personally, and had no belief at all in his power to improve the sale of the *Anglo-Saxon*. The proposed reduction of pay was not altogether agreeable. Finally, those references to the supreme will and pleasure of the proprietors struck him as being a trifle cool, seeing that he happened to be himself one of them. "I'll be hanged if I'll be one of them much longer, though!" he said, decisively, to himself, as he walked up the Strand on the ensuing morning. "I didn't quite like to draw out my money so long as Pilkington held on; but I shall make no bones about it with this fellow."

On reaching the *Anglo-Saxon* office, he found the editorial chair already occupied by its new tenant, a stout, vulgar-looking man, with a shock of iron-gray hair, bushy whiskers which met under his chin, and dirty nails.

"How are you, Vidal?" called out this unprepossessing person, cheerfully, as our hero entered. "Come to talk things over, hey?"

"How do you do, Mr. Larkins?" said Adrian, laying a very slight emphasis upon the prefix. "I received your letter, and I was sorry to hear of our loss."

"What—old Pilkington, do you mean? Well, between you and me and the post, he ain't very much of a loss. It was about time he went. He's a good fellow and a gentleman all over, is Pilkington; but I can't call to mind that I ever met a much worse editor. Now that we've got rid of him, we shall work the paper differently—put a little more life into it, and get some new blood. We mean to keep on most of the old lot, though, all the same."

"That is, if you can," observed Adrian. "You mentioned something about lowering your scale of payments."

"My good fellow, it's a case of needs must. I should delight in seeing you all paid at the rate of a guinea a word; but it don't quite run to it, you see. If any of the old contributors aren't satisfied, why, it won't be a very hard matter to replace 'em. I hope *you* ain't going to quarrel with your bread and butter."

"I don't know as yet whether I shall continue to write for you or not," answered Adrian, repressing a strong inclination to assault his new chief; "but independently of that, I have an interest in the paper. I put £2000 into it when it was first started, and I haven't received a farthing of interest from that day to this. I think I should now like to realize."

Larkins frowned and pulled his whiskers. "Oh!" said he.

"I suppose," continued Adrian, interrogatively, "that I can do that?"

"I suppose so. Oh yes; you can do that, no doubt. Only, if you do, you'll be the first that has done it; and I don't know that we should care to have you writing for us under those circumstances."

"I am quite prepared," answered Adrian, smiling, "to accept my dismissal."

"That's what I call quarrelling with your bread and butter. However, please yourself. As I tell you, you'll be the first that has thought fit to act in that way. Pilkington, now—he hasn't said a word about taking out his money, though he has left us for good and all."

"Really," said Adrian, "I can see no reason why I shouldn't withdraw from a bad investment when I am convinced that it is a bad one."

"It all depends on how you look at it. When a few friends join together to start a paper, it isn't quite the same thing as if they went to their brokers and told them to purchase securities. And as to bad investments, a newspaper seldom becomes a paying investment from the first."

"I had nothing to do with the starting of the *Anglo-Saxon*," said Adrian. "Am I to understand that I shall be looked upon as a traitor now if I ask for the £2000 which I can't afford to lose?"

"Well, I don't know about that. I fancy that Mr. Egerton and the others won't be best pleased. You see, it isn't only the loss of a couple of thousand pounds that they'll look at; it's the example. There are always plenty of people ready enough to do a shabby thing if somebody will only give them a lead."

"I consider that a most offensive expression," retorted Adrian, hotly. "I am not in the habit of doing shabby things, nor of allowing any one to call me shabby either."

"Well, well, Mr. Vidal, we needn't quarrel over it. I'm not speaking for myself; I'm only telling you what I believe will be the opinion of the proprietors. They naturally think that you owe something to them, considering that they took you up when you were a comparatively unknown writer."

"I can't admit that I am under any obligation whatsoever to them," said Adrian.

"You may depend upon it that they think you are, and if you throw them over now, when the paper is passing through what one may call a sort of crisis, they won't like it. Of course it's for you to decide what course you will adopt. Personally, I should be sorry to lose you as a contributor. With the money part of the business I am only indirectly concerned; but I don't think that, under any circumstances, you would be in much danger of losing your £2000. Supposing that the worst came to the worst, and the paper failed altogether, I should doubt whether the gentlemen who have provided the bulk of the funds would wish those who have taken a smaller share in the undertaking to be out of pocket. Mind you, I have no authority for saying this; I merely mention this in confidence as my own impression. But you may be sure that the paper will not fail, if I can help it; and I have had rather more experience in this line than Pilkington."

From all this Adrian perceived that Mr. Larkins was very unwilling to give him his money and let him go. That, perhaps, would have made a prudent man all the more determined to take his money and go; yet the upshot of the interview was that both Mr. Vidal's pen and his purse remained at the service of the *Anglo-Saxon*. He had made too many enemies of late, he thought: he had no wish to add to their number. Moreover, the representations of Mr. Larkins were not without their effect upon him.

"Between ourselves, Mr. Vidal," that worthy remarked, "what we want is not so much a high-class literary journal as something that people will buy at the book-stalls. We shall come out weekly now, instead of monthly; our price, of course, will be sixpence; we shall devote more of our space to politics, and a good deal more to personalities; and we shall drop that stupid practice of making our writers sign their articles. I'll allow that Pilkington's notion was more original, but when originality don't pay its way, the best plan is to try being commonplace. Don't you think so?"

There seemed to be something in that.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CLARE'S VISITORS.

"Far be it from me," said Georgina, "to speak a word against those who give themselves up to good works. I feel that I may slip upon a piece of orange peel in the street any day, and be carried to the nearest hospital with a broken leg; and if that should happen to me, I have no doubt that I should fully appreciate the privilege of being nursed by a woman in my own rank of life. Besides, I have a genuine admiration for people who prefer being of some service to humanity to sitting at home and twirling their thumbs. But you will not get me to admire a woman who spends the best part of her time at the hospital merely in order that she may have an excuse for crying her eyes out when she comes home."

It was on a fine afternoon in June that Miss Vidal addressed these pointed remarks to her sister-in-law. She was waiting for a friend who had promised to call for her and take her to the Park, and her costume was in all respects worthy of the season and the occasion. The summer had begun all of a sudden; the boxes outside the drawing-room windows had become gay with flowers; the hazy London sunshine was flooding the air, and the water-carts were going about the streets.

"You are the less likely to be called upon to admire her," observed Clare, with a touch of asperity, "as it is in the last degree improbable that such an idiot can exist."

"She does exist, though," rejoined Georgina, imperturbably. "I know that she exists, because I have the honor of being acquainted with her. To be more precise, she is sitting in your chair at the present moment."

"I go to see the children at the hospital," said Clare, "because I like it, and because I believe they like having me. As for crying my eyes out, I certainly never do any such thing."

"I will withdraw the words 'crying her eyes out,' then, and will substitute 'looking heart-broken.' You can't deny that you look heart-broken; and I don't care if you do deny it: the fact remains. Isn't it nearly time that all this came to an end?"

"All what?"

"This general discomfort. It can't be kept up forever, you know, and I have to propose that we now eat humble-pie. To do Adrian justice, he looks quite as miserable as you do; and he hasn't the solace of a Children's Hospital, remember."

"I thought," said Clare, "that we had agreed to let this subject alone. I promised that I would not mention Mr. De Wynt again if you would only allow me to live my own life in my own way."

"I recollect your making that handsome offer, but I don't recollect accepting it. You have my full leave to say anything that you please about Mr. De Wynt; only I should prefer your saying something unflattering, because I hear that he is likely to be married to an heiress, whose property adjoins his, and I will go so far as to admit that my feelings are hurt. I don't think it is very pretty of him to console himself with such rapidity."

"I don't believe it," exclaimed Clare.

"It is too true, I fear; the report reached me on excellent authority," said Georgina. "But, after all, I don't want to be a dog in the manger, and I trust the heiress will prove satisfactory. Do you know," she added presently, looking out of the window beside which she was seated, "that you are about to have a visitor? That is quite an event in these days. He is a man, rather a feeble sort of man, judging by the time he is taking to get out of his hansom—still, not advanced in years. I do believe it is Mr. Heriot!"

Heriot indeed it was, and the first sight of him, as he entered the room, was somewhat of a shock to Clare. She had been accustomed for so long to hear her old friend spoken of as being in a dying state that she had come to regard this as more or less of a figure of speech; but the moment that she saw his face now she knew that he was far worse than he had ever been before. She could not even ask him about his health; nor did he seem desirous of being questioned, for he merely mentioned that he had been ill all the winter, and had not been able to get farther than Cannes, after which he immediately changed the subject.

Georgina was soon taken away by her friend, and shortly afterward Clare, chancing to look up at Heriot, discovered that he was scrutinizing her with an earnestness which brought a faint flush into her cheeks.

"You have not been well since I saw you last," he said, abruptly.

"Not very," she answered. "It was—I don't know—there was nothing really the matter, and I am quite myself again now."

Heriot stroked his beard, and made no comment upon this assertion. "And Adrian?" he resumed, after a minute or two. "He has not written to me for a long time. I suppose that is a sign that he is very busy?"

"Yes, he is always busy, I believe." Clare hesitated, and then went on: "He is not satisfied with his last book—perhaps you have heard? I am afraid it has been a great disappointment to him."

"Ah, that is the inevitable consequence of taking up art or literature as a calling. There must be disappointments every now and then, and poor Adrian is sure to take disappointments to heart. Now tell me about yourself. Have you become a confirmed Londoner yet?"

Clare shook her head. "I shall never be that; but London suits me well enough. I go out very little in the evening now, and during the day I don't have many visitors."

"That sounds rather a negative way of enjoying life," Heriot remarked.

"I suppose it does; but negative enjoyment is better than positive discomfort, and I should never have acquired a taste for society. I told you so last year, you know."

"I remember," answered Heriot. "It was at Lady St. Austell's garden party. By-the-way, are the St. Austells in town?"

"I have no idea," replied Clare, and she was conscious of a change in her voice which could hardly fail to be perceptible to her interrogator. By way of accounting for it, she was proceeding to explain, "I don't like Lord St. Austell," when the door was thrown open, and who should walk in but that estimable nobleman himself!

Considering what were the circumstances under which this honor had last been conferred upon her, Clare certainly had not expected that it would be repeated. She was taken aback, and showed that she was so; but Lord St. Austell did not seem to notice her embarrassment. He advanced with the smile of a guest whose welcome is assured, saying how delighted he was to see Mrs. Vidal looking so well—might he be allowed to add, looking so charming? Then he screwed his glass into his eye, and was scarcely less delighted to recognize his friend Mr. Heriot, also looking—looking—er—as usual. It was perfectly impossible to assert that Heriot was looking well; but Lord St. Austell went on, with creditable readiness: "After a certain time of life

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1463.

we must be contented with looking as usual, mustn't we?"

"At no period of my life," remarked Heriot, quietly, "have I been accused of presenting a charming aspect to the eye; but I humbly trust that I have not always looked as if I had one foot in the grave."

"Oh, you're all right; you wear as well as any of us," said Lord St. Austell, who disliked allusions to the grave, and thought them in very doubtful taste.

He sat down and began to converse with easy fluency, addressing his observations for the most part to Clare, who found herself quite unable to respond to them. She was so obviously uncomfortable that Heriot took pity upon her at length, and got up. Thereupon she threw him an imploring glance, which he rightly interpreted to mean that she did not want to be left alone with Lord St. Austell; so he said to the latter, "Is that your brougham that I see at the door? Perhaps you will take pity on a sick man and give me a lift home?"

"My dear fellow, by all means!" cried Lord St. Austell, with alacrity. "The brougham shall take you to your own door, and then you can send it back for me. In the mean time, I dare say Mrs. Vidal will give me a cup of her excellent tea."

This was not exactly what Heriot wanted. "Oh, I'll wait till you have had your tea," he said.

But Lord St. Austell declared that he couldn't think of such a thing. "Now, Mrs. Vidal, you must not ask him to stay; he has no business to be out so late. Invalids always ought to be at home before six o'clock." And he caught Heriot by the arm, and hurried him out of the room before another word could be said.

"I think I disposed of our friend rather cleverly," he remarked, on his return, seating himself complacently in a chair close to his hostess's elbow.

Clare made an inarticulate murmur. She was really frightened of this leering old man; and indeed his next speech showed that her alarm was not altogether groundless.

"I have so hoped for this moment to come!" he murmured. "I can't tell you how I have suffered since I saw you last. I have had no peace."

Indignation restored to Clare a measure of courage. She rose deliberately, and moved to a chair a couple of yards away. "I am sorry to hear that," she replied. "What has been the matter with you? Gout?"

Lord St. Austell jumped up, and followed her with an agility which sufficiently refuted this cruel suggestion. "Ah, don't pretend to misunderstand me!" he pleaded, rather huskily—for, alas! there comes a time of life when the human voice refuses to take pathetic modulations. "You know why I have suffered; you know that it is you who have made me suffer. Not intentionally—ah, no! you are too angelic to inflict pain willingly upon any one; but—"

"I assure you that I am not at all angelic," interrupted Clare, "and I can't imagine what you mean by saying that I have inflicted pain upon you. I—I don't want to know what you mean," she added, hastily, perceiving that Lord St. Austell was about to explain.

"But I must tell you!" cried that susceptible veteran. "It is impossible to conceal any longer the feelings of—er—of adoration with which the sight of so much beauty and—er—unhappiness has inspired me. Dearest Mrs. Vidal, don't be unhappy any more. Your husband has shown himself unworthy of you; but there is one who—"

"Please don't trouble yourself to say any more," broke in Clare, coldly. "You are very impertinent; but I suppose that is because you know no better."

Now Lord St. Austell had often been called impertinent before, and did not mind it in the least. He regarded it, indeed, as a purely conventional phrase, commonly employed by ladies under certain circumstances, and no more intended to be taken in a literal sense than the dismissal by which it was just as commonly followed. So with unabated confidence he proceeded to make his next move, and seizing Mrs. Vidal's hand, pressed it fervently to his lips.

This was too much alike for Clare's temper and her self-respect. "Lord St. Austell," she exclaimed, "if you were not such an old man—such a very old man—I would ring the bell and have you turned out of the house. As it is, I can only suppose that you have become imbecile. Is it possible that you can imagine that any woman, whether married or single, could be in love with you?—*you!* I dare say many people would not be able to help laughing at you; but to me you are too horribly repulsive to be ludicrous. Of course you will understand that I can not receive you again after this."

She had risen to her feet, as had also Lord St. Austell. His face had turned white, his eyes were glittering, and his lips quivering. He seemed as if he were going to speak, but controlled himself. The fact was that his system of ethics, which permitted him to insult a lady in the manner above described, forbade him attack her with angry words. So he said nothing at all—not even "Good-by"—but took his hat and went away.

Clare, as soon as she was alone, sank down upon the sofa and covered her face with her hands in an agony of shame. It was bad enough that any man should have presumed to address her as Lord St. Austell had done; but it was almost worse that she should have allowed herself to retort upon him so coarsely. Her cheeks burned when she thought of the words that she had used in her haste, and she felt that she could hardly have got rid of her tormentor in a less dignified manner.

Yet, if she had but known it, she had achieved a triumph of a certain kind; for she was the only woman who had ever succeeded in putting Lord St. Austell into a genuine rage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BROOKLYN RAPID TRANSIT.

The city of Brooklyn is to that of New York as a fan fully spread to a fan nearly folded. Instead of the long acute-angled triangle formed by the island of Manhattan, we have a semicircle with an irregular diameter along the East River and the Bay, with its centre near the Fulton Ferry and the Bridge. As Brooklyn, roughly speaking, is filled by the overflow of New York, the question of the distribution of the passengers across the "River" has been the vital question in the problem of the growth of the city. As long as the greater part of the business of New York was done below Canal Street, Brooklyn grew steadily. When New York added largely to its business population, and had still only horse-cars by which to reach the upper part of the island, the growth of Brooklyn was not only steady, but very rapid. When New York got its elevated roads, the share of increase in population that went to Brooklyn was still large and the actual increase was still great, but the relative advance was sharply checked, and it became evident to the leading men of enterprise in that city, to those who counted for their fortunes upon the growth of the city, that rapid transit was an absolute necessity. The efforts to get it have been prolonged, even tedious, and until recently have been vain. The conditions that made such an enterprise sure of success in New York were wanting. It was clear twenty years ago that the first line of steam roadway that should offer an outlet northward to the solid mass of business population packed below Fourteenth Street could not fail of profit; but in Brooklyn the first line could only count on tapping a streamlet in one direction.

If the strongest current, which flowed across the East River by the Fulton Ferry, or later by the Bridge, could have been provided for, there would have been no reasonable doubt of success. But this seemed to involve a road on Fulton Street, which is nowhere very wide, and in its lower part is narrow, steep, winding, and lined with relatively valuable property owned by men whose views were quite as narrow as the street. So the opposition to a central railway from this source, re-enforced by the dead obstinacy of the City Railroad Company—a body of the closest obstructionists—has prevented the building of an elevated road on the line that promised the surest advantage. Adventurous capitalists were driven therefore to contrive a road by some other route. A series of them—of whom the early ones were not strong nor over-honest—have been engaged from time to time on a scheme which has finally fallen into the hands of men of energy and means, and which has led to the road formally opened on Wednesday, May 13. This road has not as yet any close connection with either the chief ferry at the foot of Fulton Street, or with the Bridge, but comes very near to each. Starting from the corner of York and Washington Streets, a little northeast of Fulton Ferry, it passes along York Street to Hudson Avenue, to Park Avenue, to Grand Avenue, to Lexington Avenue, to Broadway, to East New York. Any one familiar with Brooklyn, or who will glance at a map of the city, will see that this route twists rather tortuously for a mile and a half through a region that will promise but little traffic, then traverses a couple of miles of tolerably well-settled territory, and then passes through a thinly occupied region to the thriving suburb of East New York, where it taps the steam railways to the Manhattan Beach and the Long Island and South-side railways to the rural and sea-side portions of the island.

The ultimate success of the road is hardly doubtful, and it may have much more nearly immediate success than could have been expected. It has been built, as far as can be known to the public, on a fairly solid and prudent financial basis. Its fare is but five cents at all hours; trains are to be run at five minutes' interval from 6 A.M. to midnight, and more frequently when necessary; the stations are conveniently placed; the cars are neat, light, and pleasant. Already the certainty of the completion of the road has given a strong impulse to building along the line, and there is room for at least 20,000 to 25,000 dwellings on unoccupied or partly occupied ground within easy access to the road. If no competing line were to be constructed, it would be a moderate estimate that this one would attract in ten years a population of 200,000, one-half at least from outside the city. With the considerable population already served by the road, it is plain that with careful and honest management it can not fail to be profitable, especially as it has been built under the most favorable conditions as to cost. And the success of this road is sure to bring into existence several other lines where the conditions are even more promising.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Within the first three months of this year between thirty and forty Chinese boys of San Francisco were sent by their parents to China to be educated. This is not surprising. It is a perfectly natural longing which leads any exile to submit the child of his bosom to the surroundings and influences familiar to his own youth and gilded in memory, and it is human for the Chinese parent to desire that his offspring shall be competent to write backward, and nimbly to add, subtract, multiply, and divide by means of several hundred little buttons strung on wires.

A Russian student who was thrown into prison as a Nihilist was at once liberated when it was discovered that the order of imprisonment denoted another person of a wholly different name. The discovery was made at the end of three years.

There is a policeman in St. Louis whose beat includes eighty-three blocks. The people whom he is detailed to protect pray the Police Board that his responsibility may be confined to the odd three blocks, and that twenty-six or twenty-seven other policemen may be appointed to watch over the remaining eighty.

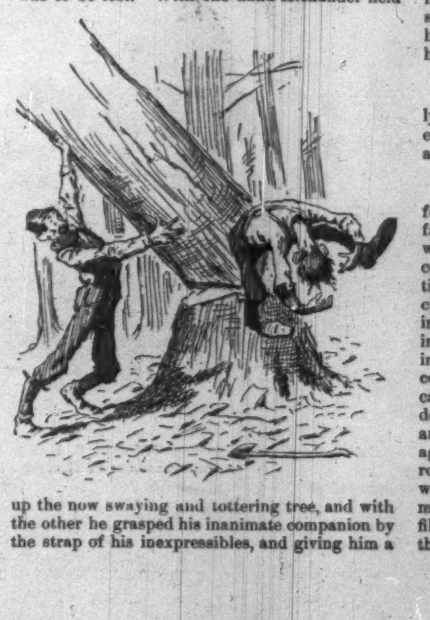
MORE LUMBER STORIES.

1. The boss load of the season, and not a good day for logs either. This load contained 105,416 feet, 5 perches, and 2 twigs. The driver communicated with his team by heaving chunks of bark at them, and the intelligent animals soon learned to know that a welt on the near eye meant "gee," while a crack over the off ear meant "whoa." If any other logger has a load to beat this, now is the time to trot it out.

2. The above drawing is from a sketch taken on the spot by Hypo, of Whoopitup, Mutch County, Michigan, and represents William P. Magoo, the boss chopper of Mutch County, and his little chip. William, better known as "Billy the Hitter," is able to cut chips of this size with four blows of an axe; he usually cuts them a trifle smaller, as it costs some exertion to produce this size.

THRILLING INCIDENT.

3. While Alexander P. Jabbertooth and John Gabee were at work in the lumber camp of Gulliver J. Bim, Mr. Gabee was suddenly struck with faintness just as the tree they had been cutting began to fall. Noticing his companion's paleness and his staggering movements, Alexander darted toward him; before he could reach him John lay a limp heap upon the ground. Not an instant was to be lost. With one hand Alexander held



up the now swaying and tottering tree, and with the other he grasped his inanimate companion by the strap of his inexpressibles, and giving him a heave, he landed him ten feet away from the tree with a dull sickening thud, while he himself leaped gracefully aside and allowed the monarch of the forest to complete its fall. Alexander is regarded as a strong man in these parts. John is doing well.

4. The above drawing, from an instantaneous photograph by Gash, of Layiton, Jewhizz County, Wisconsin, is a portrait of Samuel B. Gozzle, the fastest chopper of the great Northwest. The log at his back was cut in precisely four minutes and thirteen and a quarter seconds on a stop-watch held by Ananias J. Blaagoo, of Chicago, Illinois. This feat is considered to be without a parallel in this section.

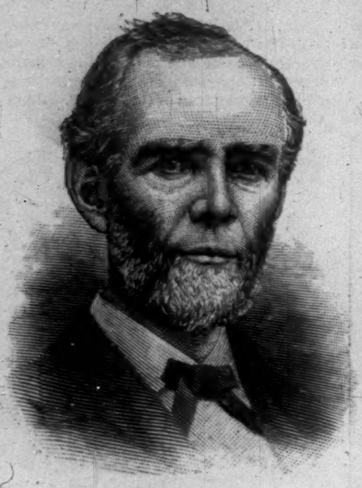
CURIOUS ACCIDENT.

As Tim Brannigan was eating his dinner, seated on the end of a log which lay across another partly imbedded in the snow, a tree which was felled a short distance away swayed out of its course and struck the elevated end of Tim's seat. It is supposed that the jar must have paralyzed Tim in some way, for he was seen in precisely the same position as when he was raised at a distance of two hundred feet from the ground. A search

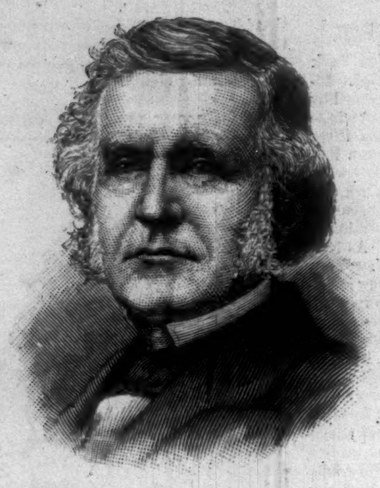
party was promptly made up, and he was found imbedded in a snow-bank two miles and a quarter from the scene of the accident in precisely the same position as when he was struck. When dug out, the only noticeable difference was a slight expression of pain on his face. It was thought at first he was seriously injured, but careful nursing, combined with stimulants of an alcoholic nature, brought him round.

The *Princetonian*, which began as a fortnightly, and then became a weekly, is now published every other day. In form it copies pretty much after the Harvard *Daily Crimson*, but it is larger.

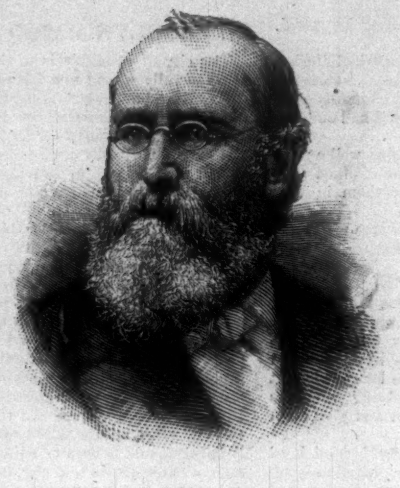
It is said that a colony of infidels which was founded five years ago in Missouri has proved a failure. Probably the trouble with infidels who would go to the length of establishing a special colony of themselves would be that they would tire one another. Really zealous infidels find their chief pleasure in avowing themselves infidels, and insisting upon it. For a number of them to live in isolation, and to constantly insist that they are infidels among themselves, suggests itself as a colorless and joyless sort of occupation, and one calculated to prove in the course of time a good deal of a bore. The real need of a spirited and ambitious infidel is something to irritate himself against. In order to be happy he should surround himself with persons who do not agree with him, and to whom he is an annoyance. He merely makes others happy and thwarts the fulfilment of his own functions when he undertakes the practice of infidelity all alone by himself.



Professor WILLIAM HENRY GREEN, D.D., Chairman.
Photographed by Rockwood.

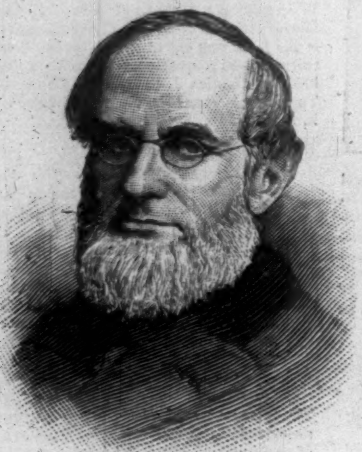


Professor GEORGE E. DAY, D.D., Secretary.
Photographed by Rockwood.

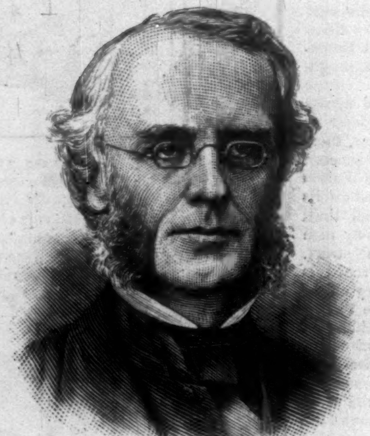


Vice-Chancellor CHARLES P. KRAUTH, D.D.
(Died in 1883.)—Photographed by Rockwood.

Professor THOMAS J. CONANT, D.D.
Photographed by Rockwood.



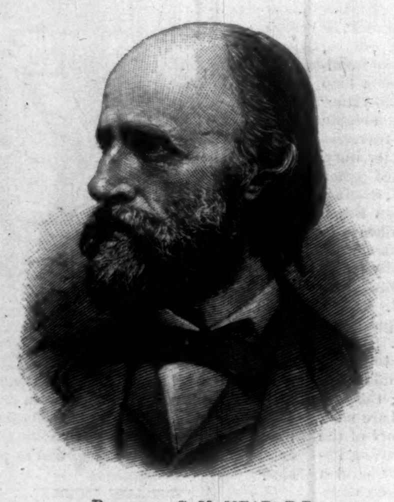
Rev. Dr. T. W. CHAMBERS.
Photographed by Rockwood.



Professor CHARLES A. AIKEN, D.D.
Photographed by Notman, Boston.

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY, MEETING-PLACE OF THE AMERICA

Professor JAMES STRONG, S.T.D.
Photographed by Lacey, Morristown, New Jersey.



Professor C. M. MEAD, D.D.
Photographed by Rockwood.

Professor JOHN DE WITT, D.D.
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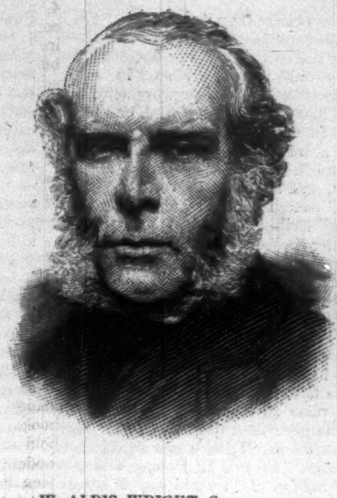
Professor GEORGE E. HARE, D.D.
Photographed by Rockwood.

Professor JOSEPH PACKARD, D.D.
Photographed by Rockwood.

Professor HOWARD OSGOOD, D.D.
Photographed by Rockwood.

THE REVISED VERSION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT—THE AMERICAN

Bishop HERVEY, of Bath and Wells.
Photographed by Walker, London.

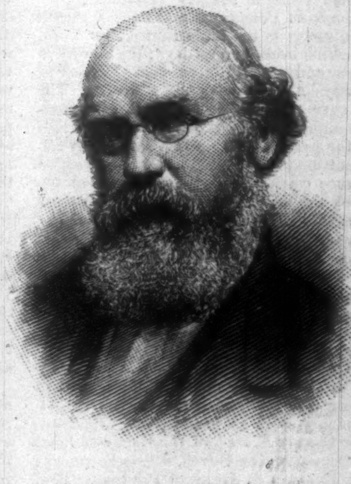


W. ALDIS WRIGHT, Secretary.
Photographed by Walker.

Dean PAYNE SMITH, of Canterbury.
Photographed by Walker.

Dean PEROWNE, of Peterborough.
Photographed by Walker.

CAN COMPANY.—Photographed by George G. Rockwood, New York.



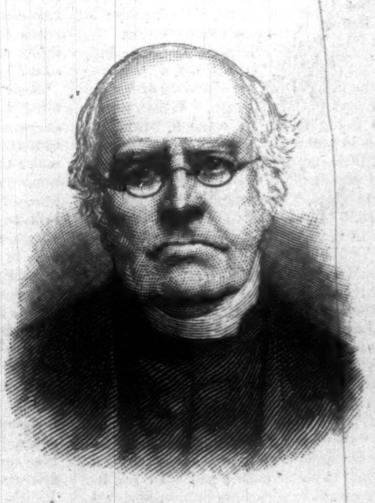
Professor DOUGLAS.
Photographed by Walker.

Professor W. LINDSAY ALEXANDER.
Photographed by Walker.

Professor DAVIDSON.
Photographed by Walker.

Professor LUMBY.
Photographed by Walker.

Professor W. ROBERTSON SMITH.
Photographed by Wilson, Aberdeen.



Rev. Dr. FIELD.
Photographed by Walker.

Rev. Dr. GINSBURG.
Photographed by Walker.

Professor LEATHES.
Photographed by Elliott & Fry, London.

N AND ENGLISH COMPANIES OF REVISERS.—[See Page 330.]

THE OLD TESTAMENT.

THE NEED OF REVISION.

NEARLY four years have passed since the publication of the Revised Version of the New Testament. As at the time of its issue we printed an article concerning it, so now on the eve of the publication of the Revised Version of the Old Testament we present an article of a similar character on the first part of the Bible.

And yet these two parts of the Scriptures stand in respect to a revised translation upon a somewhat different basis. The Greek text of the New Testament, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the King JAMES translators commenced their work, was very imperfect; from this imperfect text they made a good translation. The Hebrew text, however, at that time was comparatively excellent, but from this excellent text, by reason chiefly of their limited knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, they made a translation very imperfect.

The reasons for the current revision of the Old Testament do not therefore lie, as in the case of the New Testament, in the fact of the imperfections of the text from which the Authorized Version was made. The reasons are found rather in the incorrect, inconsistent, infelicitous renderings of the Authorized Version which modern Hebrew scholarship is now able to make accurate and to improve. A more exact knowledge of geography, the discoveries in archæology, the results of studies in comparative philology, the more intimate acquaintance with Hebrew grammar and lexicography, combine to place GESENIUS and EWALD of this generation in a position far superior for purposes of accurate translation to that occupied by the BUXTORFS of the first third of the seventeenth century.

It is easy to point out many errors in translation which render a revision of the present version imperative. In many instances the meaning assigned to words is wholly wrong. There are likewise many geographical errors. The explorations of the last twenty-five years have made clear many locations which were in doubt in 1611, and therefore scholars are now fitted to correct the mistakes concerning the names of places and of rivers committed by King JAMES's translators. Errors also in the use of proper names are not uncommon.

In the King JAMES version are, further, many inconsistencies of translation. The revisers of 1611 did not specially endeavor to render the same Greek or Hebrew word with the same English word. "That we should express the same notion in the same particular word," they declare, "we thought to savor more of curiosity than of wisdom." In Exodus, ii. 11, 12, it is related that Moses saw "an Egyptian smiting an Hebrew," and that "he slew the Egyptian." But in the original "slew" and "smiting" are represented by the same word, and the similarity ought to be preserved. Such instances are common in both the Old Testament and the New.

Reasons for the revision are to be found, however, not only in the incorrect and inconsistent translations, but also in the changes which have been made in the English language in the last two hundred and seventy years. Although these changes are far less numerous and great than those occurring between the fourteenth century and the sixteenth, yet not a few words in usage good and perspicuous in the reign of JAMES I. have since his time become archaisms. Some words have become quite obsolete. "Served" should be used for "bestead," Isaiah, viii. 21; "marketmen" for "chapmen," 2 Chronicles, ix. 14; "sockets" for "ouches," Exodus, xxviii. 11; "doves drumming upon their breasts" for "doves tabering upon their breasts," Nahum, ii. 7; and "the lion filled his dens with plunder" for "the lion filled his dens with ravin," Nahum, ii. 12. But the number of words that have changed their meaning is larger than the number that have passed out of use. The "apothecary," Ecclesiastes, x. 1, and other passages, is not the druggist, but the "preparer of unguents"; the "camphire," Solomon's Song, i. 14, is not camphor at all, as most readers infer, but the fragrant "cypress"; the "charger," Numbers, vii. 13, as well as Matthew, xiv. 8, is not a horse, but a dish, a platter; the "pommels," 2 Chronicles, iv. 12, do not relate to a saddle, but are the "globes" at the top of columns; and David's remark of his enemies, "they had swallowed us up quick," does not mean they had swallowed us up quickly, rapidly, but "they had swallowed us up alive." So likewise "artillery," 1 Samuel, xx. 40, has ceased to mean bow and arrows, and "carriage," 1 Samuel, xvii. 22, baggage, and "careless," Judges xviii. 7, free from care.

The Hebrew scholar of to-day possesses many aids in translation which were unknown to the twenty-five scholars of King JAMES's time who were engaged in the translation of the Old Testament. Although these older scholars had texts of the Septuagint, of Chaldee paraphrases, and of the Vulgate, they did not possess the Syriac and Arabic and other versions which are now of great service in fixing the exact meaning of words and phrases. The Hebrew grammars, lexicons, commentaries, were, two hundred and seventy years since, not only few in number, but also exceedingly imperfect. In all these respects modern Hebrew scholarship is far superior, and is able to produce a more accurate translation than was ever before possible.

THE HISTORY OF REVISION.

This work of the revision of the Old Testament has consumed between fourteen and fifteen years. It had its origin in February, 1870, in action taken by the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, and in resolutions passed the following May. The Houses of Convocation invited at an early stage the co-operation of American scholars. The chief "Principles and Rules" under which the revision has been made are:

1. To introduce as few alterations as possible into the text of the Authorized Version consistently with faithfulness.

2. To limit as far as possible the expression of such alterations to the language of the authorized and earlier English versions.

3. Each company to go twice over the portion to be revised, once provisionally, the second time finally.

4. To make or retain no change in the text on the second final revision by each company except *two-thirds* of those present approve of the same, but on the first revision to decide by simple majorities.

5. To refer on the part of each company when considered desirable to divines, scholars, and literary men, whether at home or abroad, for their opinions.

Under these rules, the mode of operation was simple. The American company transmitted copies of its revision to the English, and likewise the English company copies of its revision to the American. Each company criticised the results of the work of the other, and these criticisms were also transmitted. A second revision was in turn sent from each company to each, and similar criticisms again followed. If differences of translation remain which can not be harmonized, they are indicated in an appendix, as is the case in the revision of the New Testament.

The American Committee met once a month in its own rooms in the Bible House, New York, and the session lasted several days; the English in the historic and beautiful Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey, also once a month. The revisers gave their services without compensation, although necessary expenses were provided for—on the part of the American revisers by voluntary contributions received under the direction of a finance committee, and on the part of the English by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which hold the copyright of the work.

In fourteen years both companies of revisers have suffered changes by way of death and resignation. The American body lost by death in 1877 Professor TAYLER LEWIS, and in 1882 Vice-Chancellor CHARLES P. KRAUTH; and the English, Bishop THIRLWALL, Principal PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, and others. The following list, however, represents the more permanent members of each company. The American comprised, Professor WILLIAM HENRY GREEN, of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Princeton, who was Chairman, Professor GEORGE E. DAY, of the Congregational Divinity School at New Haven, who is Secretary; Professor CHARLES A. AIKEN, of Princeton; Rev. Dr. T. W. CHAMBERS, of the Collegiate Dutch Church of New York; Professor THOMAS J. CONANT, Baptist, Brooklyn; Professor JOHN DE WITT, of the Reformed Dutch Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, New Jersey; Professor CHARLES M. MEAD, formerly of the Congregational Theological Seminary at Andover, who did not attend the meetings for a year, on account of absence from the country; Professor HOWARD OSGOOD, of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Rochester, New York; Professor JOSEPH PACKARD, of the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Virginia; Professor JAMES STRONG, of the Methodist Theological Seminary at Madison, New Jersey; and Professor C. V. A. VAN DYCK, of Beirut, Syria, who served as advisory member on questions of Arabic.

The Chairman of the English company was Bishop BROWNE, of Winchester, and the Secretary was WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, the Bursar of Trinity College, Cambridge. The twenty-five remaining members are: Bishop HERVEY, of Bath and Wells; Bishop OLLIVANT, of Llandaff; Dean SMITH, of Canterbury; Canon HARRISON, of Canterbury; Professor WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, of Edinburgh; ROBERT L. BENSLY, of Cambridge; Professor JOHN BIRRELL, of St. Andrews; FRANK CHANCE, M.D., of London; THOMAS CHENERY, of London; Rev. T. K. CHEYNE, of Oxford; Professor A. B. DAVIDSON, of Edinburgh; Professor GEORGE DOUGLAS, of Glasgow; S. R. DRIVER, of Oxford; Rev. C. J. ELIOTT, of Windsor; Rev. Dr. FREDERICK FIELD, of Norwich; Professor J. D. GEDEN, of Manchester; Rev. Dr. C. D. GINSBURG, of Wokingham, Berks; Principal F. W. GOTCH, of the Baptist College, Bristol; Rev. Dr. WILLIAM KAY, of Chelmsford; Professor STANLEY LEATHES, of King's College, London; Rev. J. R. LUMBY, of Cambridge; Dean PEROWNE, of Peterborough; Professor A. H. SAYCE, of Oxford; Rev. W. R. SMITH, formerly Professor of Hebrew at Aberdeen; Professor WILLIAM WRIGHT, of Cambridge.

The record of their names suggests the catholicity of doctrinal opinion which governed their selection. Among the American revisers are representatives of each of the principal denominations, and among the English are adherents of the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Baptist communions. It is needless to add that both companies contain the ablest Hebrew scholars of England and of America. The work of the revisers was finished in December.

THE WORK OF THE REVISERS.

The Book of Genesis naturally and properly arrests our attention first. The inaccurate "without form" of i. 2 is exchanged for "waste." In verse 5, "the first day" is rendered "one day," but it is doubtful whether it should not rather have been "a first day," corresponding to "a second day," etc., as properly rendered in the subsequent verses. "Firmament" is retained, notwithstanding its liability to be understood as a solid substance, probably for want of a better term. In verse 20 we have the obvious improvement, "Let fowl fly," and in verse 21, "sea-monsters" for "whales." So in ii. 5, "No plant of the field was yet"; verse 14, "Goeth in front of Assyria"; but in iii. 1 "any tree" is dubious. In verse 5, "God" for "gods" is probably an improvement, but the unwarranted "when" of verse 6 is retained. By the change from "sorrow" to "toil," in verse 17, the parallelism with verse 16 is lost. In verse 24, "the cherubim" is better, but "the flame of a sword" is scarcely so. In iv. 7, "coucheth" for "lieth" is an improvement, but the beautiful figure is not developed, except in the margin. In verse 8, "told Abel" is hardly allowable as a translation of the Hebrew. In verse 15, "appointed a sign" eliminates a bone of contention, and similarly, in verse 23, "for wounding me," etc. In vi. 15, "This is how thou shalt make it" strikes us as bad English. In x. 21, "the elder brother of Japheth" contradicts the chronology. In xi. 2, "as they journeyed east" is not necessarily the meaning of the Hebrew. In xii. 1, "Now the Lord said unto Abram," in place of "had said," is a questionable improvement; and in verse 19, "I took her to be my wife," although more correct in the first part than the old "I might have taken her to me to wife," is less so in the latter part, and is, moreover, ambiguous. In verse 20 the rendering, "Pharaoh gave men charge concerning him, and they brought him on the way," puts a new significance into the passage. In xvi. 12, "as a wild ass among men," instead of "a wild man," is hardly better than would have been a literal rendering, "a wild ass of a man." The difficult text, verse 13, "Thou God seest me," etc., is but slightly improved. In xviii. 5, "forasmuch as" hardly represents the original, which is literally, as in the old version, "for therefore." A somewhat notable change occurs in verse 19, "For I have known him, to the end that he may command," etc. In verse 25, "that so" is not as literal as the old version, "and that." In xix. 1, neither the old version, "And there came two angels," nor the new, "And the two angels came," exactly expresses the original, which says, "And two of the angels came," evidently meaning two of the three mentioned in the preceding chapter. In verse 6 the different Hebrew terms for "doorway" and "door" remain undistinguished. In xx. 4, "even" for "also" is a dubious change. An attempt has been made to improve the difficult rendering in verse 16. In xxii. 1, "prove" for "tempt" removes a theological stumbling-block; but in verse 17 the bald Hebraism, "in blessing I will bless thee," is retained. In xxiii. 15 the spirit of the original is better expressed by the new than by the old version. These citations must suffice us as specimens of prose.

In turning to the poetical books, the Psalms afford the best examples, as being most widely read and familiar. On this very account, however, they are more hazardous to meddle with, and the difficulty is enhanced by their terse and figurative phraseology. In i. 3, "streams" very inaccurately represents the *channels* for irrigation; and the preservation of the figure throughout by some such rendering as "whatsoever it beareth it shall bring to maturity," is not even noted in the margin. In verse 4 the article should not be retained before "chaff," as it is merely a noun of material; there is no kind of chaff which the wind does not drive away. The change of "wicked" for "ungodly" is a gain. There seems to have been but a feeble attempt, either here or elsewhere, to bring out the peculiar contrastive use of the Hebrew tenses. In ii. 12 the article is likewise retained throughout, to the weakening of the sense. There are many minute changes, the reason of most of which is apparent, but of others it is difficult to divine the object. Examples of the latter are vi. 1, "yet shall his days be," instead of "yet his days shall be"; viii. 21, "for that the imagination," instead of "for the imagination." Occasionally a new word is introduced without explanation, as "Nephilim" for "giants," vi. 4. Sometimes the simple use of a capital, as "the South," in xii. 9 and elsewhere, wonderfully clears up the meaning. At the end of verse 4, "saying" might properly have been added, thus bringing this strophe into parallelism with the preceding. In verse 12, "For his wrath will soon be kindled" is an improvement; but in iii. 2, "shield about me," for "shield for me," is inconsistent, since it is the *buckler* or small shield here, and not the large encompassing one. In iv. 1, the new version preserves the figure, "Thou hast set me at large when I was in straits." In v. 1, "keep watch" is good, and so "arrogant" in verse 5; but "multitude of thy loving-kindness" in verse 7 should have been "abundance." In vii. 6, 7, there is a marked improvement; but in verse 10 neither the old nor the new version catches the force of the figure, "My buckler is upon God," as the Psalmist's armor-bearer. In viii. 1 the grammatically impossible rendering, "Who hast set thy glory," is retained, with a poor apology in the margin for the *obscurity of the Hebrew*, which says plainly enough, "Which oh do thou set as thy glory." In verse 5, "God" of course is put in place of "the angels." In ix. 6 there is but little improvement; and "Their very memorial is perished" is far from the emphatic form of the original, "Their memorial is perished—themselves." In x. 2, 3, the change is much better; but in verse 5 the old "grievous" rather than "firm" suits both the tortuous character of the wicked and the primitive force of the Hebrew word. In verse 14, "to take it" is a strange rendering for the Hebrew *give*, and "helpless" is an unfortunate alliteration with "helper" following, as the Hebrew words have no resemblance. In xii. 6, "at whom they puff" seems to us the least eligible of the three possible renderings (old version, "from him that puffeth at him"; margin, "he panteth for"), since the verb is in the singular; and if "they" be here meant for the impersonal, it should have been expressed in the usual passive form, "who is puffed at." In xvi. 3 a great improvement in clearness is manifest, "As for the saints that are in the earth, they are the excellent, in whom is all my delight"; but it is difficult to see how this rendering of the last clause can be got out of the original; it might perhaps be translated "even the excellent of it, all my delight is in them." The new renderings "exchange the Lord for another God," in verse 4, and "dwell in safety," in verse 9, are probably correct. We might profitably pursue this examination much further did time and space permit, but we have pointed out excellences and defects sufficient to characterize the revision, and a more extended comparison would doubtless not alter the verdict. We only add the general observation that "Sheol" is well substituted for "hell" or "the grave," as designating the world of departed spirits; but the Latinism "vex," to express violent agitation, is retained, without even a dissent from the American Committee.

The New Testament revisers have been severely censured for *overdoing* their task; and we apprehend that their Old Testament colleagues will be sharply criticised for having *underdone* theirs. In the former case many changes were due to various readings in the original; here textual criticism has little scope, as the Masoritic text is of course the acknowledged basis. Still, on the average, the same amount of change has been made in proportion to the size of the respective books. There have not perhaps been so many bold and startling alterations, but inasmuch as modern progress in philology and research has been much greater in the Hebrew than in the Greek portion of the Scriptures, the public, we think, had a right to expect even more improvement than the revisers have effected. Certain it is that while for liturgical purposes the old familiar Bible, with its rhythmical cadences, is not likely to be superseded, yet private readers and students will be satisfied with nothing short of a full and clear development of the meaning of the sacred text. Toward that result the present work, which is the fruit of years of patient toil on the part of many scholars, will be hailed as one of the most valuable contributions.

IN THE WRONG NICHE.

I.

HALSTEAD SWINGER, having tried almost everything else, and finding nothing to his taste, took unto himself a wife. He did not exactly love Rose, but he was confident that she loved him, and on the whole, he reasoned, the next best thing to marrying one whom you love is marrying one who loves you. Rose was a village girl, fair of face, devoid of experience, but with a great capacity for loving. She was the daughter of nobody in particular, as her husband averred; that is, of course, he made haste to add, nobody that anybody would care to know or descend from. Nevertheless there was one creature who presently took it into his head to descend from this obscure nobody, and that was no less a person than Halstead Swinger's son. It was a great pity that he arrived at that inopportune moment, for his father had just come to the conclusion that he was in the wrong niche as a newspaper reporter, and that his real vocation was the law.

"The law," he said to the admiring Rose, "is in this republic of ours the only sure way to distinction. Look at the cabinet ministers, the President and the foreign ministers—they have studied law, at some time or other, every one of them."

"But are you sure, Halstead dear, that you have a talent for the law?" queried Rose, timidly.

"Talent, did you say?—talent!" exclaimed her husband, pacing up and down the floor, rumpling his picturesque hair—"talent, my dear Rose? Do you mean to say that you doubt my ability? Alas! and to this I have come, that my character is questioned and aspersed in my own family!"

"But, my dear," Rose remonstrated, tenderly, "there is no one here who has said a word against your character—is there, baby dear?" she cooed sweetly, stooping down and rubbing her face caressingly against the baby's chubby cheeks.

"Speech, Rose, speech," he went on, somewhat pacified, "is what moves the souls of men. I have felt from the hour of my birth that Fate destined me for an orator. To sway great masses of men by the power of my speech—that has always been my idea of happiness."

"But that you can do by means of your pen, too," Rose observed, quietly; for since baby had arrived she was afraid of encouraging Halstead in further changes of profession.

"My pen!" cried Mr. Swinger; "did you say my pen? The living word lies in the pen, and is henceforth but an inky pen scratch. Must you reach the heart of humanity by reporting prize-fights and family scandals for *The Weekly Bassoon*?"

Rose made no further remonstrance, for she always, at heart, agreed with Halstead in almost everything he said. It was undoubtedly true that if he only got into his right niche he would make the world aware what a man he was, and honors and distinctions would shower down upon him. She therefore agreed, after an all-night's talk, to have him give up his place on *The Weekly Bassoon* and take up the study of law. She could take in sewing in the mean while, and perhaps get a little writing to do for the papers, for she had a few modest observations to make concerning things in general, and was anxious to get a chance to print them.

II.

In a certain outlying quarter of Brooklyn, where ash barrels, ancient shoes, and decrepit hoop-skirts play a predominating part in the scenery, Halstead Swinger prepared himself for his forensic triumphs. He made Rose long speeches on foreign and domestic politics, and Rose's foolish little heart swelled with pride in her bosom. She sent him in fancy to Congress, to foreign courts, and even to the White House, and saw baby as a handsome young man marching down the Fifth Avenue, proudly erect in the consciousness of inherited distinction. She ran her needle into her finger occasionally in her self-

forgetful zeal, and sucked a drop or two of blood out of it, while Halstead addressed an imaginary Congress on the subject of Indian wrongs. Her index finger was, indeed, so perforated with needle-points that it was horny and ragged, and seemed to have lost all sensation. It was a great relief to her when she could write. But that she could never do except when Halstead and baby were in bed, for otherwise they would both persist in interrupting her. Halstead's eloquence was always overbrimming, and of course the poor fellow needed some one to listen to him. As for her stories, they were naturally of no account, as he amiably declared, and she had, indeed, no conceits about them. They were *bona fide* pot-boilers, and professed to be nothing else. But they paid the rent for the two little rooms, and a good many other things besides. Halstead could not be expected to make any money while he was studying; but when he had finished—when he had electrified first the bar, and then the public, by his fiery eloquence—then, ah! then she would reap her reward.

The only thing that troubled her was her eyes, which seemed at times to be full of sand, and caused her no end of annoyance. She spoke to Halstead about them, but he told her cheerfully to hold them open in cold water, and they would be all right. She tried it, but it had no effect. It seemed to her, too, after a while, as if her mind was beginning to run dry. She had, in the stress for matter, written articles in which she had given advice about a hundred things which she knew nothing about. She had written about babies and maternal duties until that subject too seemed fairly exhausted. Her "Hygiene in the Nursery" and "Advice to Young Mothers" had been quite successful, though she had scarcely tried or practiced a single rule that she recommended. Her accommodations were too poor and her life too busy. In fact, she was too tired to see even the humor of her own situation as the experienced adviser of hundreds who probably knew more than herself. No doubt Halstead, who had more of a sense for humor, would have seen it if he had ever had the time to read her articles. But he was at the law school all day long, and when he came home at night he liked to talk of pleasant things, particularly to expatiate upon the brilliancy of his prospects. It was, indeed, delightful to listen to him, and she could never forgive herself for having once fallen asleep during his discourse. But then she had been so very tired! He had been mortally offended, and no wonder. He had not spoken to her for three days afterward, and she had cried and upbraided herself until he finally took pity upon her, and gave her his views upon the complication in European politics.

III.

The day when Halstead came home with his diploma as Bachelor of Laws was a great day in the annals of the family. Rose sat at the window and cried for very joy. She had grown so pale and haggard and red-eyed of late that it was not to be expected that he should come up and kiss her, as he would have done in days of old. He was so absorbed in the weighty affairs of life now that it would be absurd to expect of him that he should think of such trifles as kissing his wife. And yet if he had happened to think of it, it seemed to Rose that her cup of happiness would have been full. Now Halstead was at last in his right niche, and their trials would soon be over.

He hired an office down-town, and had his name inscribed upon his window-pane in neat gilt letters. Rose and baby took a trip across in the ferry to see how it looked from the street. She was a little bit surprised when she found her husband alone in the office. She had expected to walk proudly through a throng of clamorous clients. He explained to her, however, that until he had had his first chance to appear in court he could scarcely expect any rush of clients. She blushed at her own folly, and thought that Halstead was right, as always. When she got home she had to sit down and cry, though she could not for the world have told what she cried for. She had, to be sure, only twenty cents in her purse, and that would scarcely be enough to get a dinner for Halstead when he should get home. She had given him the last dollar she had to pay his office rent in advance. In sheer desperation she sat down and scribbled off a story, which she mailed to a well-known story paper in the city. When Halstead came home at six o'clock, and found only bread and cheese for dinner, he scolded like a Turk. Poor fellow, he did need something strengthening, if she had only had it to give him. The next day she pawned her shawl for three dollars, and he ate his beefsteak with relish, and rewarded her with a discourse on civil service reform. It was a wonderfully fine discourse, she thought, and she only wished all the world could have heard it. It was, indeed, a pity that a man like Halstead should be staying here and wasting his genius on an ignorant creature like herself. Of course she was happy to listen to him, but others, no doubt, would have given much for this privilege which she was daily enjoying. She ventured to suggest this idea to him, and he took it up eagerly.

"The fact is, Rose," said he, pacing up and down the floor with a cigar in his mouth, "that I have often thought that very thing myself. But, to be frank with you, there is a great deal of jealousy in our profession, and when a man of exceptional talent makes his appearance, the others combine to keep him down. I should have had a dozen cases before now, and securely founded my fame, if a miserable clique of envious intriguers had not conspired to keep me out of court. Their only chance of success, you see, depends upon their making me invisible."

Rose could so perfectly well understand that! Human nature, she had heard her pastor say, was envious and desperately wicked. She learned presently that it was Mr. C——, one of the acknowledged leaders of the New York bar, who, trembling for his own laurels, had organized the clique against Halstead. She had always admired this man's wit and eloquence, and was heartily sorry to hear anything so bad about him. Yet she doubted not that Halstead, with his indomitable energy and power of speech, would in the end prevail.

It was a week of miserable suspense she passed until she heard from her story. When the manuscript was returned to her she came near fainting. The editor wrote her a kind letter, in which he told her that she had unquestionable talent if she would only turn it to the right account. He could not use such quiet stories; but if she would write something sensational, with murders and an occasional seduction, he thought she could be of use to him. She went to work at once. She wrote out one harrowing scene after the other, half frightened at her own terrible fancies. She wrote about polished seducers and brilliant murderers. But through all the desperate wickedness which she conjured up her own innocent voice sounded, like that of a canary that was trying to imitate thunder. It was she who was in the wrong niche, being compelled to sacrifice her conscience for bread. But there was no help for it; this contemptible plot against Halstead compelled her to disregard her scruples—temporarily at least—until he should have conquered. Everything depended upon his being able to keep his head above water until he could get a chance to appear in court. Her eyes swam and her head was dizzy; strange pains shot through her brain. But she wrote on desperately, heaping horror upon horror. When she heard Halstead's step upon the stairs she hid away the manuscript and rose to meet him. But her feet suddenly refused to support her; she reeled across the floor, stumbled over a chair, and struck her head against the edge of the door. As Halstead entered he found her unconscious. Blood was flowing from an ugly wound in her temple.

"Now, no capers, my dear," he drawled, as he stooped over her. "I am too old a bird to be deceived by those fainting tricks. It is what women always resort to when they want to excite sympathy."

She opened her eyes, after a while, wearily. Perhaps it would have been better for her if she had never opened them.

IV.

The story about the wicked people persecuting innocence troubled Rose a good deal after she had dispatched it to the editor. And her conscience was not soothed by the fact that she received thirty dollars for it. After a long struggle with herself, she inclined to the view that God could scarcely be hard on her when He considered for what purpose she had suspended her conscience. A conscience was, after all, a costly luxury which not everybody could afford to entertain. Another blood-and-thunder tale, more harrowing than the first, was composed amid tears and prayers to God for forgiveness. It seemed desperately bad to Rose's child-like soul, though I doubt if it contained wickedness enough to corrupt a kitten. She sat up night after night scribbling away for dear life, heedless of the pains which shot like needle-points through her eyeballs. The thought that she was thus enabling her husband to persevere in his struggle against his enemies, that she was helping him along the road that would surely lead to honor and glory, stimulated her fancy to the boldest invention, and chased her hand feverishly over the paper. This time she received forty dollars and much encouragement. But such a horror seized her, as she painfully deciphered the editorial compliments, that she dared not be alone, but ran out into the street, and clasped her child convulsively in her arms.

"You will love mamma, even though she is bad, won't you, baby?" she whispered, huskily, as she hugged the boy to her breast.

"But you ain't bad, mamma; you are a good mamma," said the boy, with conviction.

She took him by the hand, and led him up into the sitting-room, which was also the kitchen. For a long while she held him upon her lap, telling him the most moral of Sunday-school tales, hoping vaguely to accumulate something to her credit in the dreadful book of the Recording Angel. But the boy grew restive after a while, and begged to be allowed to run out again. Then she was again alone with the terrible thought, Was she selling her soul for the hope of earthly glory? was she forfeiting her eternal salvation for her hurband's sake? Ah no! God was good; He would not condemn her, knowing how she had worked and struggled and suffered. She had only to make one effort more, to persevere a little longer. Then there would be no more need of sacrifice. Then she could afford to be good and conscientious.

Halstead brought many distressing tales when he came in the evenings in those days. It appeared that his enemies were redoubling their efforts to crush him; particularly that unscrupulous Mr. C—— was weaving his subtle net, and had so far been successful in keeping every client away from Mr. Swinger's door. Poor Rose was dreadfully cut up by the constant repetition of this news. She was overflowing with sympathy for her persecuted husband; yet so great was her faith in his ability that she felt confident that in the end justice would prevail. She writhed under the necessity of composing another tale about high-born Lotharios and the wiles of the seducer's art, but it was surely to be the last; because now that Halstead was in his right niche, he would certainly get a chance to deliver one of those masterly speeches of his, and then the rest was plain sailing.

When she woke up the next morning it was pitch-dark in the room.

"Why don't you get up and make the fire?" said Halstead, turning over and composing himself for a little matutinal snooze.

"It must be very early," she answered; "it is pitch-dark."

"Stuff and nonsense! It is bright daylight."

He gave a snort, and slumbered peacefully.

She arose cautiously, and fumbled for her clothes.

"Halstead," she cried, with a voice that pierced through him like a knife, "I am blind!"

He stumbled out of bed, and stared at her in vague bewilderment.

"Nonsense," he said; "your eyes look all right; go and dip them in cold water."

A neighbor's wife was called in, because Halstead did not know how to make a fire. After breakfast he expressed regret that his "business" compelled him to leave her. But the machinations of his enemies demanded on his part perpetual vigilance, if he was in the end to conquer.

When he had gone, Rose sat down at the window, and stared with her sightless eyes toward the sun. She sat thus for a long while, scarcely heeding her child, who stood gazing wonderingly into her face. "Mrs. Nolan," she said, suddenly, to her neighbor's wife, "will you go with me to the city?"

"Ah, yes, Mrs. Swinger," answered the kind-hearted Irish woman; "I would go with yez to Purgatory if I could give ye yer sight back."

They crossed in the ferry, and found the colossal building in which Mr. C—— had his office. After some waiting, they were ushered into the great lawyer's presence. He was a tall, handsome man, with a clean-shaven face and a commanding appearance.

"Well, ladies," he said, turning half about in his chair, "what can I do for you?"

Rose took a few steps forward, and stood directly facing him. He observed that she was blind, and a soft look of pity stole into his face. He saw how pale and haggard her features were, and he saw, too, that once they had been beautiful.

"I am Halstead Swinger's wife," she said, huskily, endeavoring to fix her wandering eyes upon him. He knitted his brow for a moment, and looked puzzled.

"I know no such man," he replied, presently. "Perhaps it is my partner, Mr. Bullard, you wish to see. He may know Mr. Swinger."

She stared blindly about her in helpless bewilderment; then sank down at the lawyer's knees. "Oh, have pity upon my husband!" she cried, bursting into tears. "He is working so hard to make his way, and if it were not for you he would succeed. Oh, I know he would succeed!"

"My dear good woman," the lawyer responded, kindly, "I assure you I do not know your husband; have never even heard his name. If there is anything I can do for him, why, send him to me; and if he is in distress, who knows but I may be able to help him?"

She flung back her head. A terrible suspicion shot through her brain, but she repelled it. "Oh, you are great and prosperous," she moaned, "and yet you can trample upon those who are poor and unhappy. You have conspired against him," she shrieked, with sudden energy; "you have sworn to keep him down in the dust because you are afraid of him, because he would outshine you, and you know it."

Mr. C——, without rising, called to some one in the adjoining office. His partner, Mr. Bullard, appeared in the door.

"Do you know anybody by the name of Swinger—Halstead Swinger?" he asked, in a conversational tone.

"Swinger? Swinger? Oh yes; he is that irrepressible young fellow who is always making a fool of himself at the meetings of the Bar Association."

"Ah! to be sure; I had forgotten."

Rose bowed her head. Her forehead rested upon the lawyer's knee. The Irish woman, understanding that something was wrong, put her arms about her and raised her up. A strange, dazed smile flitted aross the young, haggard face. She rubbed her eyes as if she were striving desperately to see.

"What did he say about Halstead?" she asked, faintly; "what did he say, Mrs. Nolan?"

"Niver ye moind what he said," Mrs. Nolan responded, re-assuringly.

They reached home before noon. For an hour Rose sat, smiling vacantly and murmuring her husband's name. Mrs. Nolan put her to bed; she was burning with fever. All sorts of confused fancies flitted through her head about murders, seductions, foreign missions, and Congressional triumphs. At last she lay quiet, with half-closed eyes, sometimes whispering a prayer, sometimes stifling a moan.

Evening came. It was growing dusk. There was a sudden noise in the hall; Halstead burst into the room, flung himself down at the bed, and cried, "Rose! Rose! I have got a case! My fortune is made!"

"Did Mr. C—— send it to you?" she whispered, listlessly.

"Well, now, if he did. Anyway, I am in the right niche, as you shall see, Rose."

"So am I—in the—right niche," she murmured, gave a little gasp, and was dead.

HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

THE "DOLPHIN."

THE dispatch-boat *Dolphin*, made under a contract with the United States government by JOHN ROACH, undertook her third trial trip on May 12. It was required that she should prove her ability to steam fifteen knots an hour for six consecutive hours. On the first trial her shaft broke. On the second trial the advisory committee appointed by Secretary CHANDLER reported that she had shown a speed of over sixteen knots, and that everything was satisfactory. It was rumored, however, that kerosene had been used for making steam, and in order that her rate of speed might be established beyond a doubt, Secretary WHITNEY ordered a third trial as a still further preliminary to her acceptance. The *Dolphin* started at a quarter past nine o'clock in the morning from the Morgan Iron-Works, at the foot of East Ninth Street, where she was built. Mr. ROACH and a committee appointed by Secretary WHITNEY were on board. It was the intention to run at high speed as far as New London. Off Riker's Island all steam was put on, and until half past twelve o'clock she showed a speed of fifteen and four-fifths knots an hour, the steam pressure being ninety pounds to the square inch, and the revolutions of the screw seventy a minute. The engines developed 2321 horse-power. At 12.30 P.M. the crank-pin had become so hot that it was necessary to stop the engines, and it was found that the oil used contained grit, which had caused the trouble. Such an accident is said to be common. Another trial was promised shortly.

The *Dolphin* is a little more than 256 feet long, 32 feet in breadth, and has a mean draught of $14\frac{1}{2}$ feet. She can carry 310 tons of coal. She has a flush open spar deck, with no poop cabin or forecastle. The armament provided for her consists of a six-inch breech-loading rifle mounted on a shifting pivot forward of the fire bridge, and four Hotchkiss revolving cannons mounted in fixed armored towers. The bow is strong and slightly ram-shaped. The vessel is steered by steam and lighted by electricity, the head lights and search lights being electric as well as those of the interior.

The *Dolphin* was intended to afford rapid communication between Washington and any point on the coast, or to act as a fleet dispatch-boat for a squadron. She is built of steel, but is not armored. The contract price for the hull, machinery, and fittings of the *Dolphin*, exclusive of masts, spars, rigging, boats, etc., was $315,000.

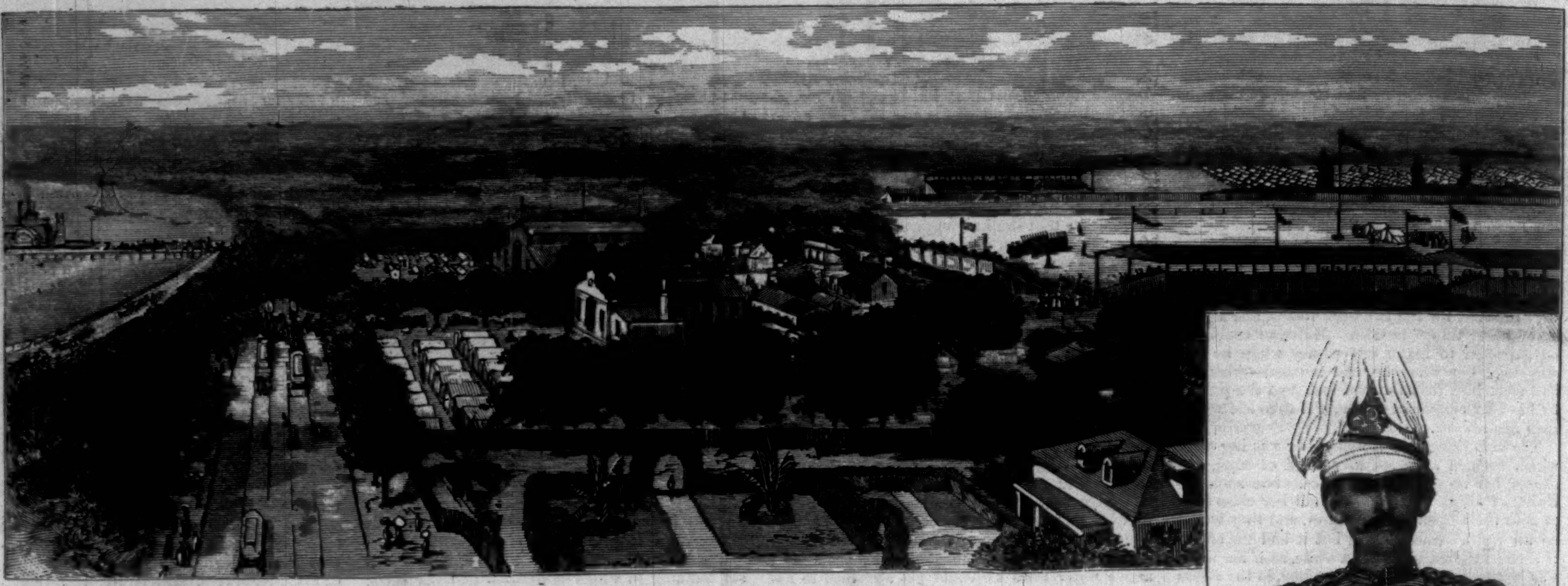
THE DYNAMITE BALLOON.

THE balloon for military uses whose construction has been recommended by the Ordnance Board of our army aims to add a novel feature to the art of war. The boat-shaped air-machine, invented by RUSSELL THAYER, of which we give an illustration in this issue, is to sail over a hostile squadron or army, and to drop upon it huge bombs, filled with dynamite, and exploding by percussion. According to one plan proposed for this balloon, it would have a length of 185 feet, a breadth of 60, and an ascending force of seven tons. This strength would amply allow not only for the weight of the voyagers and their munitions, but apparently even for some protecting devices to help deaden bullets or make them glance off. Balloons of greater lifting power have already been constructed. The balloon proper, it will be observed, is covered with heavy bands, sustaining the weight of the carriage.

The destructive effect of dropping heavy bombs filled with high explosives needs no elaborate demonstration. The wonder may rather be why this device has not been attempted before. But the use of dynamite in military operations is very recent, while all aerial navigation has been baffled by the unmanageability of balloons. Aeronauts have ascended to a height of half a dozen miles and more, and have journeyed a thousand miles in the air. But such feats never will establish aerial travel so long as a man who starts from New York for Cleveland is in danger of finding himself moving toward Boston. Balloons in like manner become untrustworthy war agents so long as they are helplessly carried to and fro by air currents.

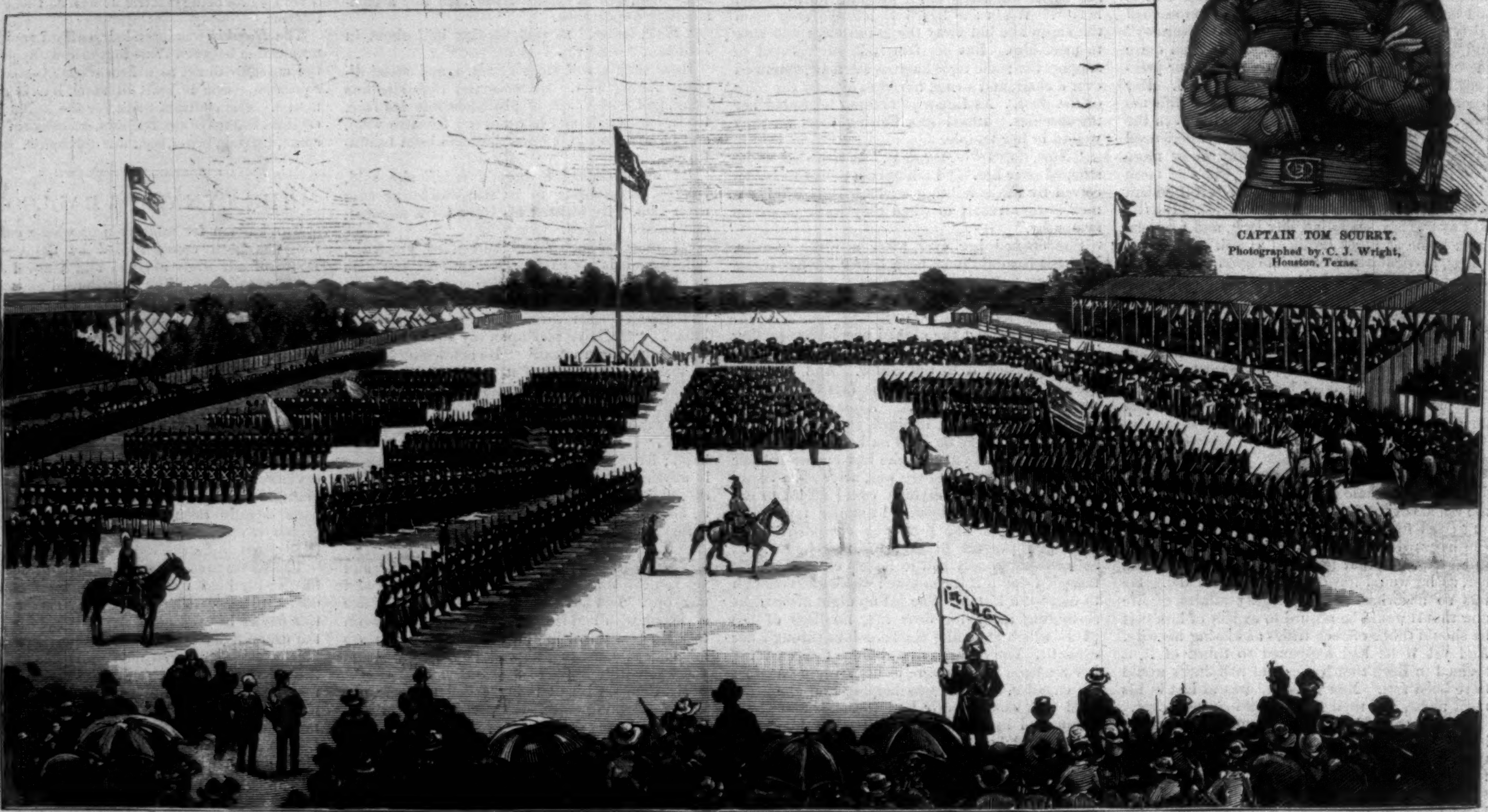
It happens, however, that at this time several nations are working at the problem of producing a controllable balloon. And as navy authorities were prompt to introduce the screw-propeller on war-ships, although its prospective advantages to the merchant marine were vastly greater, so army authorities everywhere now busy themselves about what are called "dirigible balloons," for military purposes, though their value in peace might far overshadow their war uses. We find in the British, the French, the German, and other armies regular balloon corps or officers detailed to investigate aerostation. Thus our own Ordnance Corps is sustained by the example of other countries in its present quest.

Whether a machine can ever be made to navigate the air as a ship navigates the sea, now running before the wind, and now beating up against it, can not be predicted. So enormous are the difficulties besetting a genuine flying-machine that many scientific men, as well as practical aeronauts, have not hesitated to say that it can not be constructed. In order to have adequate propelling force, too great weight has hitherto been required. If this fatal tendency is counteracted by greater appliances for flotation, this buoyancy in turn implies instability. Yet M. DUPUY DE LOME some years ago maintained by elaborate calculations that successful propelling machinery could be made for an air-ship, and since then new motors hold out new possibilities. Apart, too, from new applications of the natural forces, other considerations come into play. Thus a German engineer claims to be able, by a recent discovery, to condense or expand the gas in a balloon, and so baffle contrary winds by ascending or descending at pleasure until a current moving in the right horizontal direction is found. The British newspaper *Iron* holds that such a discovery would be "important for military operations, because a balloon could reach the enemy's territory without a fresh supply of gas." Whatever devices may render the balloon sufficiently controllable, a squadron entering a harbor would certainly have its attention well occupied if attacked at once by the cannon of forts in front and flank, submarine torpedoes beneath, and dynamite dropping from the clouds above.



THE CAMP GROUND.—Drawn by Louis Joutel.

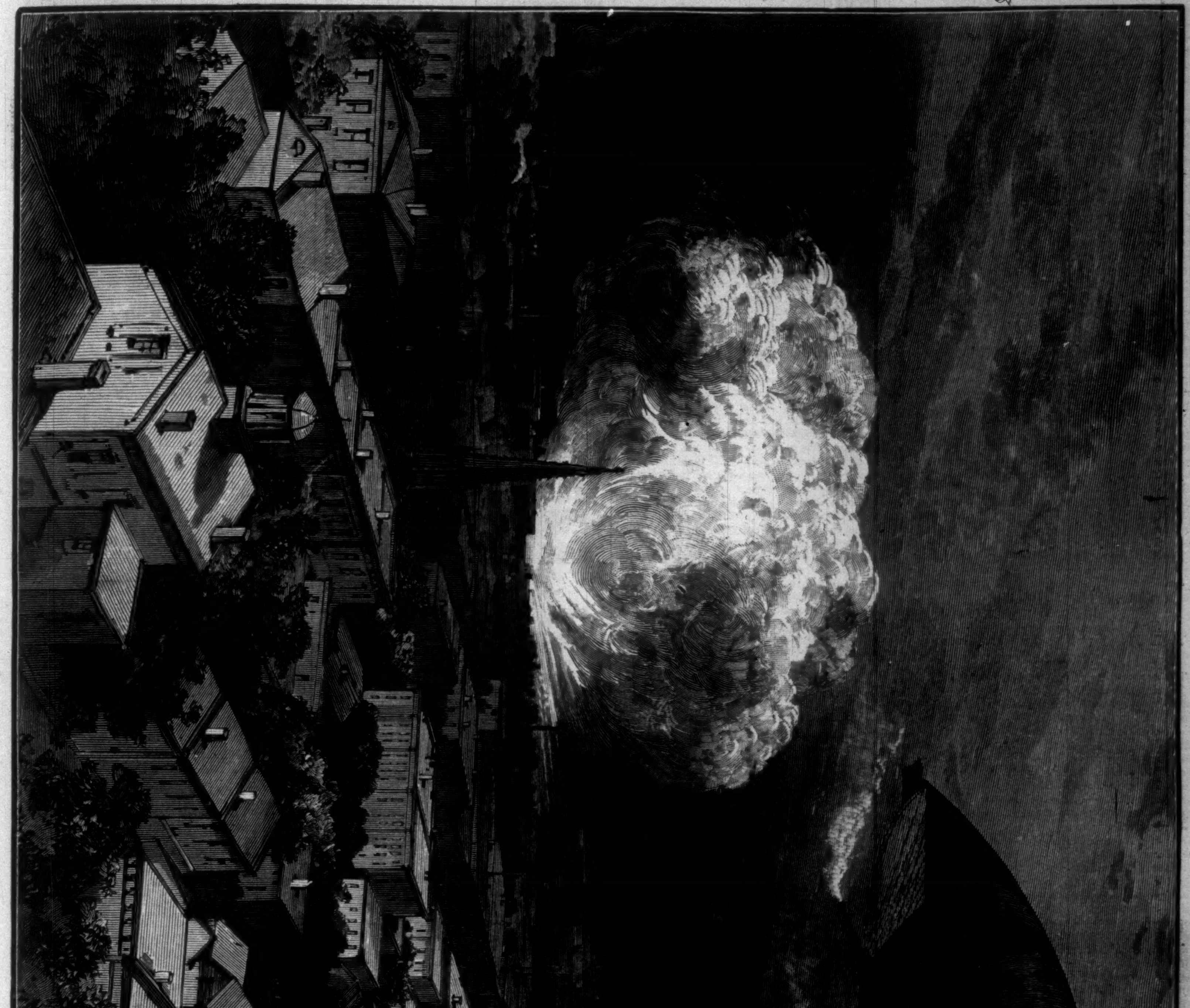
CAPTAIN TOM SCURRY.
Photographed by C. J. Wright, Houston, Texas.



THE GRAND REVIEW.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.

THE PRIZE COMPANY.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.

THE INTER-STATE MILITARY DRILL AT MOBILE, ALABAMA, MAY 6–9.—From Sketches by Horace Bradley.—[See Page 334.]



THE NEW DYNAMITE BALLOON.—From the Inventor's Sketches.—[See Page 331.]

EDWARD O. GRAVES.

Mr. Edward O. Graves, Assistant Treasurer of the United States, was on May 9 appointed by the President Chief of the Government Bureau of Printing and Engraving, which, by reason of the patronage it controls, is one of the most important offices in the civil service. Mr. Graves entered the public service in 1863 as a clerk in the Treasury Department at $1200 a year. Even in the first years of his service in subordinate capacities he suggested and carried into effect many simplifications of the work that fell into his hands. His promotion, which has never been sudden, but always gradual, was won by merit even in the worst days of the spoils system. In 1868 he became Chief Clerk in the Treasurer's Office, which place he held until 1874, when he was made Superintendent of the National Bank Redemption Agency, and in 1883 he was promoted to the position of Assistant Treasurer. He has so often been detailed to make special examinations of subjects under the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department, and his reports have been suggestive of so many reforms, that he has become well known not only as an exponent, but also as a conspicuous practical promoter, of civil service reform. He has made special examinations of the sinking fund of the District of Columbia, of the office of the Assistant Treasurer in New York, of the work of the important department over which he will now preside, of the workings of the civil service experiment, of the estimates of appropriations for the customs service, and of many other such special subjects. His reports form perhaps the best practical demonstration of the benefits of civil service reform that has ever been given. His appointment was unsolicited, and it will take effect June 1.

Mr. Graves was born in Herkimer County, New York, in 1843. He was educated at Hobart College, and he has been in the public service continuously since his collegiate career ended. His quiet and useful work has made him well known in practical economic circles, and he was invited to deliver before Trinity College a series of lectures on the science of administration, one course of which he has already delivered.

THE MILITARY CONTEST AT MOBILE.

The competitive drill of companies of militia at Mobile, Alabama, May 6–9, was noteworthy not only by reason of the splendid spectacles it presented, but by reason also of the number of companies that participated, the number of States, Western and Southern, from which they came, and the presence of many distinguished visitors. Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, and Alabama were represented. The bright uniforms, blue and gray, with a great variety of decorations; the "consolidated" military bands of the Northwest, numbering 130 pieces; the pleasant association in the common camp of veterans of either army in the civil war and of younger companies which have inherited the war stories of either side; the pleasant early summer weather on the Gulf coast (in spite of one day of unpleasant heat); the intense local interest taken in the contest by the citizens of every city from which companies went; the popular enthusiasm which the characteristic Southern love of military display aroused; the drilling of more than a thousand picked men from eleven States; and the presence of ladies and distinguished visitors from every one of those States—these gave the hospitable city of Mobile a week of unusual gayety.

The soldiers pitched their tents at Camp Drum, five miles from the centre of the city. The infantry camp consisted of 350 tents arranged in the form of a parallelogram, 12 in a row. The artillery camp consisted of 50 tents in an adjacent part of Magnolia Park. The drill ground was 350 feet by 80. The camp was under the command of General C. S. Bentley, and the judges of the drill were Lieutenants C. B. Satterlee, D. J. Rumbough, and John T. Thompson. On Tuesday, the day before the contests began, there was a grand dress parade, which sufficiently aroused the military ardor of both soldiers and visitors to keep their enthusiasm high until the end of the week. On Wednesday the "maiden" contest began, in which only those companies were allowed to enter which had never won a prize at a preceding inter-State drill; then followed the free-for-all infantry contest for the grand prize of $4000; after that the artillery companies competed for prizes, and the week's holiday work concluded with an individual competitive drill and a sham battle. In the free-for-all contest the first prize was won by the Houston (Texas) Light Guards, Captain Tom Scurry; the second, $2000, by the Montgomery (Alabama) Grays; the third, $1000, by the Mobile Grays. In the "maiden" contest, the Lomax Rifles, of Mobile, won the first prize of $1000; and in the artillery drill, Battery B, of the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, won the first prize of $1000. On Saturday there was a sham battle, in which 600 men participated.

The precision of the drilling was complimented by the officers of the army, and the judges were required to make report in detail to the military authorities of the army. Brevet-Major Powell was ordered to inspect the militia and to report on its condition to the Department of War, and he has reported that the companies need better accoutrements. Nothing was lacking to make the week splendid with military display and socially pleasant. The men from the different States made pleasant acquaintances during their camp life; every company had a lady as "sponsor," who wore its colors and was decorated with its prizes; Governor O'Neal formally welcomed the visitors; the hospitality of the residents was profuse; and no dissatisfaction has been expressed with the decision of the judges.

WHY ARE YOU SICK?

If you were a reader of the "Laboring-Man's Gazette" or papers of that ilk, the chances would be that your sickness was caused by eating a poor food supply, or by breathing foul air, or by being insufficiently clothed; but as you are a reader of "A Journal of Civilization," the chances are that your troubles arise from the fact that you cannot or do not take sufficient exercise, and especially that you do not give the essentially important nutritive organs of the body the amount of vigorous exercise that is absolutely necessary to their healthy action. You are living an artificial life, though your ancestry, more or less remote, lived in a more natural manner. In prehistoric days, they were wild men-of-the-woods, who were developed, grew, and were perpetuated by reason of that vital power that was created through a certain combination of circumstances and conditions, among which were breathing pure air, eating nourishing food, and taking vigorous bodily exercise. As you have descended from an ancestry that depended upon these influences for their being, you cannot escape from a compliance with the same natural requirements.

If you attempt such divergence from nature's laws, you will have to suffer sooner or later—disease will step in, occupying your body. The forest and farm have furnished almost all the shining array of brilliant professional and literary minds that astonish the world by the result of their mental work. Let these lights neglect the exercise of the important nutritive organs of the body, and back to the forest and farm, or their hygienic equivalent, they or their near descendants will have to return to rebuild sufficient vital force to perpetuate their existence. The more common diseases that immediately follow this hygienic neglect include Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Gout, Rheumatism, Bad Complexion, etc.; while the poor general condition which is a direct consequence of neglect of exercise, invites entrance into the organism of all those microscopic disease germs which produce Cholera, Typhoid Fever, Consumption, Diphtheria, and various other diseases of the general system. Disease germs do not affect healthy tissues, and hence any practical and commendable means of preventing these terrible maladies should be hailed with universal acclamation. The exercising apparatus known as the Health Jolting Chair is such a means.

The effect of the use of this most ingenious and sensible mechanism is so remarkable an improvement in the general nutrition of the body, that it can be justly claimed to be for the vast majority of individuals living sedentary lives, the best known practical disease-preventive ever produced. It not only prevents disease, but it cures a multitude of disorders by effecting in an artificial manner that exercise of the important internal organs of the body which natural law decrees to be necessary to health. It is a practical household substitute for the saddle-horse, offering as a hygienic means, many advantageous points peculiarly its own. It is the outgrowth of a combined professional knowledge of the laws of health, the cure of disease, and of many years' study and investigation, together with the outlay of a large amount of money required in carrying on the experimentation necessary to its production in its present perfected efficient form. If you will send your address to the Health Jolting Chair Company, 150 West 23d Street, New York, you will be sent free a pamphlet, entitled "Exercise of the Internal Organs of the Body Necessary to Health," which contains a full account of this remarkable mechanism, and other interesting and important matter.—[*Adv.*]

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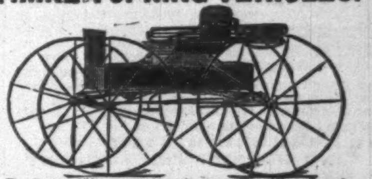

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